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JAMES BEATTIE L.L.D.

THE

MINSTREL;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS:

AND

Other Poems.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY R. & W. A. BARTOW, AND BY W. A. BARTOW & CO. RICHMOND, (VIR.)

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.

Minstrel.

WHEN we sit down to the perusal of a celebrated production, we find some particulars of its author's life peculiarly acceptable. Whatever be the complexion of the performance, this curiosity is excited, and we are now about to afford it, in the present instance, a degree of gratification.

James Beattie is a native of North Britain, born about the year 1740, and was educated at the University of Aberdeen, of which he has since proved himself a distinguished ornament. After passing through the usual gradations of education, with acceptance, he retired to that part of the country which had given him birth, and there devoted himself to the instruction of the community. He taught at a *parochial* school, for many years, and acquitted himself with propriety. In this obscure retreat he applied to classical learning with unremitting assiduity. Indeed

Belles Lettres had always charms for him, and by him they were cultivated with no common industry.

His merit becoming more known, he was removed to Aberdeen, and became a teacher in the Grammar School in that city. Here he married the head master's daughter, a beautiful and accomplished woman, by whom he had several children, all of whom are now deceased.*

About the year 1766. Mr. Beattie published an answer to the celebrated *David Hume*, entitled *An Essay on the Immutability of Truth*, which contained an elegant refutation of error. It was received by the more serious part of the world in a very favourable manner, and the English Clergy, in particular, deemed it a masterly production. Many of its principles are supposed to have been taken from Dr. Reid of Glasgow. Be this as it may, the Essay was deservedly admired for the perspicuity of its arrangement, the elegance of its language, and the usefulness of its tendency. Indeed of infidelity Mr. Beattie speaks with a becoming indignation. To Hume and his disciples, therefore, we are to refer the following pointed lines on that subject, to be found in the Minstrel;

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the *wrangling* crew,
From Phyrrus' maze and Epicurus' sty,
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

*The head master of the school, at that period, was James Dunn, L. L. D. who died very lately at an advanced age, and who had sustained that office for upwards of half a century.

Hence! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
And spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane.
And ever ply your venomed fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence, lest the muse should deign
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But, hail! ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of Man and Truth;
Whose song sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth;
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide,
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well, I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Strong as these lines are, they seem dictated by the warm feelings of the heart. Indeed the poet had closely examined the boasted system of infidelity, and discerned the slender foundations on which the structure was erected. He had also studied the tendency of infidelity, and found it to be particularly baneful, especially on the lower classes of the community Hence his indignation was roused; and his sympathy excited for those unhappy persons, who, robbed of their religious hopes, are left abandoned to the wretchedness of unbelief! Contemplating its pernicious effects on every order of society, he could not view it without considerable emotions. Impelled by an animated zeal, the bard expresses himself without reserve —and in his own opinion he deemed his censure a whole-

some severity. Surely, if in any cause, in that of truth virtue, and religion, warmth is to be commended. With its interests are involved the best interests of mankind. Every attempt, therefore, to deprive men of the hopes and fears of futurity, cannot fail to produce evil consequences, and is, on that account, deserving of severe reprobation.

By the extension of Mr. Beattie's fame, his connexions became more enlarged, and he was honoured with the patronage of the Duke of Gordon; to whom, it is said, he was indebted for his Moral Philosophy Chair in the University. This was a most respectable situation, and its duties were discharged with fidelity.

So well was this reply to Hume received, that the University of Oxford conferred upon its author the honorary degree of L. L. D. Doctor of Laws; and offers were made him of considerable preferment in the Church of England, were he disposed to enter it. This latter favour he refused, wishing to continue in his lay-capacity; which circumstance, he, perhaps, thought, would give a more disinterested cast to his exertions in behalf of Christianity.

Several years after the publication of *The Essay on Truth*, appeared *The Minstrel*, which has been admired by readers of every description: no person endowed with the least spark of taste or sensibility, can peruse it with indifference. The conclusion, however, is abrupt; occasioned by the death of the late Dr. Gregory, author of *The Father's Legacy to his Daughters*. He was Beattie's most intimate friend. The lines alluding to his decease, with which the poem concludes, are written with that tenderness and feeling which characterizes all his writings.

It appears that Dr. Beattie had long cultivated an acquaintance with the Muses, for we understand that even

from his earliest years he accustomed himself to poetical compositions. Many of them appeared in the periodical publications of the day. In one of his editions of the Minstrel, he has subjoined a few of those pieces which he wished to have rescued from oblivion.

We have been credibly informed, that in *The Minstrel* the author has rendered *Edwin* the representative of himself. In that character, therefore, the poet has freely delineated his own history, and indulged his own feelings. In this poem the progress of taste is finely traced, from its simplest emotions up to that lofty sublimity which moves and agitates the soul! The works nature and the productions of art pass beneath review, and are marked by their characteristic qualities!

In the province of *Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen*, Dr Beattie has produced many excellent performances. We may particularly mention his *Essays on Poetry, Music, and Classical Learning;* and also, *Elements of Moral Philosophy*, being the substance of the lectures delivered by him on that subject in his official situation

Two little volumes on the *Evidences of Christianity*, were published by him a few years since, dedicated to the present Bishop of London, who is his most intimate friend, and who speaks of his works in terms of the highest commendation.

In his person, Dr. James Beattie is rather short, corpulent, and of a swarthy complexion The writer of this article once heard him, with pleasure, deliver a lecture in his own philosophy chair, when he took an opportunity of recommending to his pupils the perusal of *The Vision of Mirza*, by Addison, to whose writings he always has discovered a great partiality

In private life he has the character of an amiable man, but his mind has been of late years beclouded by various domestic calamities—that mind which he used formerly to exhilarate by the united charms of Music and Poetry.

The loss of his eldest son was sorely felt by him; he died in the year 1790, of a decline; which it is thought was brought on by an excess of study. His talents and virtues were of the most respectable kind. His father had taken extraordinary pains in his education, and he had the pleasure of perceiving, that his care had been well bestowed; of his progress in classical knowledge, we have heard much, and we have reason to believe that in the other departments of literature, he had made a similar proficiency. So high an opinion was entertained of his literary accomplishments, that he was appointed by *the King*, to succeed his father in the chair of Moral Philosphy at Aberdeen. But these, and other prospects equally flattering, were blasted by a premature death. Such an event could not but press heavily on the father's spirits. It smote him to the heart. Such a loss, viewed with all its aggravating concomitants, is to be deemed among the heaviest calamities with which the Divine Being is pleased to afflict the children of men.

With the education of this his eldest son, it has been already remarked that great pains were taken. An anecdote has transpired respecting the manner by which Dr. Beattie first taught his favourite child the existence of God. The doctor took an opportunity in his son's absence of sowing seed in his little garden. The seed was soon in furrows, which described the little boy's name, JAMES BEATTIE. On his return he led him by the

hand into the garden, and, upon his contemplating the appearance of his own name, was greatly surprised. He instantly asked his father, with eagerness, how it came there; to which he was answered, *Chance* produced it. The child, not content with this reply, declared that *Chance* could *not* have produced it, for somebody must have put it there. In the child's opinion it argued design, intelligence, and therefore to this principle he ascribed it. The father took this happy opportunity of showing that chance, not being able to produce the trifling arrangement of the letters constituting his name, could not have produced a world. He further turned his son's attention to the traits of intelligence and wisdom every where discoverable in the works of creation. He showed him that the structure of the universe must have been effected by a wise artificer, and thus he firmly established in his son's mind the existence of a Supreme Being. Happy, were all parents equally concerned for the religious principles of their children, and equally expert in communicating an accurate knowledge of them. Then would the rising generation be rendered more respectable in themselves, and more serviceable to the community. Thus would their early virtues rest on a basis which cannot be easily shaken.

His other son was named *Montague Beattie*, after the celebrated Mrs. Montague, who defended our immortal Shakspeare against the misrepresentations of Voltaire. He was intended for the Church of England, and would, most probably, have proved a distinguished ornament of it, since he discovered at an early period of life, considerable shrewdness and capacity. But of *him*, also, the father has been lately deprived, though the particulars of his illness and death have not reached us. Such are human hopes, so vain are human expectations!

It is, however, our sincere wish, that the afflicted parent may, amidst these accumulated distresses, experience the consolations of that religion which he has so ably and successfully defended. Surely he will not fail to realize those glorious prospects of immortality which are brought forward in the Christian revelation, and which he himself has thus well described:

Shall we be left abandoned in the dust,
When fate relenting lets the flowers revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid *him* though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of *Love's* triumphant reign!

Such a *divine system* is alone capable of administering comfort in circumstances the most afflictive to humanity! J. E.

London, December 1, 1798.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE MINSTREL is certainly one of the most delightful productions that have ever been elaborated by the cautious hand of taste. It exhibits scarcely any powers of invention; it can make no pretensions to originality of structure or design; although it bears the indubitable marks of poetic genius, that genius is not of the highest order. Still, so beautiful are the sentiments, so perfectly elegant is the execution, and so interesting the subject as a sketch of intellectual biography, that few poems in the language are more adapted to please, and by pleasing to exert over the mind of the reader a beneficial influence. In fact, it does honour to Dr. Beattie equally as a poet and a philosopher.

In the original design of the poem, the Author appears either to have failed, or to have been deterred from proceeding sufficiently far to enable us in the part he has finished to judge with fairness of his intentions The design was, as he informs us, 'to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a MINSTREL, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;

—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.' We know not what advantage Dr. Beattie promised to himself in investing the ideal person of his EDWIN with the obsolete profession of the Troubadour, unless he proposed to employ him subsequently in that character, for some dramatic or moral purpose. The historical character of the Troubadour, is, in all its essential features, utterly at variance with that of the ideal Minstrel; and although the general traits of the poetical mind may be recognised at every stage of civilization, yet to have represented such a being as EDWIN as the offspring of a rude age, and to have made the process by which his mind is described as having been formed to the love of science and philosophy, preparatory only to his appearing as an itinerant harper, would have been not only an anachronism, but a moral absurdity We are inclined to view THE MINSTREL rather as a natural and beautiful allegory, in which the progressive development of the imagination and of the reasoning powers in a mind of native genius and sensibility, together with the influence of natural scenery and of solitude upon the heart, is philosophically illustrated This is, indeed, all that the Author professes to have accomplished in his First Part, which is occupied with a description of the pursuits and amusements of THE MINSTREL'S childhood and early youth In this description, it is obvious that the poet is indulging in the delightful recollections of his own youthful feelings; that he is not creating an ideal personage, but is literally tracing his own sentiments; sentiments which every lover of Nature must feelingly participate. EDWIN is not the portrait of an individual, such as the Wanderer, or the Solitary, in Wordsworth's EXCURSION; there is no dramatic substance in the form

of the MINSTREL. He is rather the romance of early life personified; and this constitutes the true charm of the poem. Whoever has any associations of innocence or happiness with the images of rural life; whoever can look back to a period in which he was conscious of the indefinite feelings which belong to the fancy; cannot fail of being interested in the descriptions and sentiments of the First Part of THE MINSTREL: while a man of philosophical habits will feel a superior degree of pleasure in tracing the natural progress of the mind in the supposed case of a youth like Edwin. The father, too, will be apt to fancy him his son, and the maiden, her lover. By thus operating on the best sympathies of our nature, the poem acquires a power of impressing the imagination, equal to that which is exerted by the most forcible creations of inventive genius.

The Second Part of THE MINSTREL is almost entirely didactic; but the strain of moral sentiment is of that simple and affecting cast which is peculiarly calculated to awaken the emotions of taste. A calm contemplative melancholy pervades the whole canto, and gives the air of poetry to the gravest lessons of truth. Of all the pleasures of the imagination, that which has its origin in the sentiment of melancholy, is probably the most soothing and captivating, owing to its being the most intimately connected with the exercise of the affections. Sentimental poetry, to use that term in its genuine sense, derives all its beauty from this powerful source of emotion. Upon the same principle, the painter borrows the tints of the evening to heighten the beauty of his landscape; and with a profound knowledge of the effect of pathetic sentiment, Poussin has introduced into a festive scene of rural innocence, a monumental stone with this simple inscription, *Et Ego in Arcadia fui.*

The objects of hope, no less than those of memory, appear to be susceptible of those associations which are adapted to excite the emotion of melancholy. In either case, whether reverting to what has been, or to what may be, the mind finds itself on the confines of regions extending far beyond the reach of her faculties, in which all that she can discern are but the reflections of her own image, or the mere illusions of light and shadow. The past, which we cannot recall, the future, which we cannot avoid, each alike beyond our control, yet existing no less really than that point of time on which our identity seems to rest, are naturally contemplated with similar emotions; emotions well comporting with the complex condition and destiny of mankind. Whatever tends to throw the mind back on itself for objects of interest adequate to the grasp of desire and the intenseness of passion, the mutability of all visible forms, the nothingness of grandeur, the frailty of beauty, the awful uncertainties of life; all these sentiments inspire that philosophical melancholy, which is one of the most essential elements of poetical feeling.

In addition to these general exciting causes of pensive emotion, which are so beautifully alluded to in the opening of the Second Book of THE MINSTREL, the poet proceeds to unfold those views of the actual condition of mankind which are strongly adapted to nourish the sentiment of melancholy; and which, did they not gradually break upon the mind, would seem to be sufficient to overwhelm it with disappointment and dismay. That period in the intellectual progress at which, as the reasoning powers are developed, the objects of imagination begin to recede in the cold daylight of experience, is a season of bitterness and of danger to the young enthusiast.

" Fancy enervates, while it sooths the heart."

And the individual who has been accustomed to indulge in habits of mental luxury, is ill-prepared to encounter the real circumstances, and to discharge the moral business of life.

A contemporary poet has feelingly described the baneful effect of this exclusive cultivation of the imagination, in a little poem entitled THE POET.

> Thy soaring spirit shall despise
> Each humble bliss that life supplies:
> To thee the world shall withered seem,
> When dragged from fancy's finer dream;
> Yet must thy heart be doomed to share
> The ills thy fellow mortals bear;
> And vain thy sickly wish to fly
> From tasteless cold reality.*

The danger respects equally the moral and the intellectual character. There is danger, on the one hand, lest for want of real objects of sufficient interest, the mind become sceptical of its best affections, and sink into selfish apathy; and on the other, lest obstinately adhering to the first impressions and predilections of fancy, it be led to reject the authority of truth, if it claim the renunciation of opinions dear to the pride of the heart. There have been too many instances in which the ingenuous youth, whose susceptibilities might have been all engaged on the side of virtue, but whose principles were only those of the school of Nature, has been transformed by the world, that moral Circe, into the cold sceptic, or the grosser sensualist.

* "English Lyrics." By Professor Smyth of Cambridge.

Dr. Beattie proposes to arm his EDWIN with a talisman sufficient to counterwork the spell.

> 'To curb imagination's lawless rage,
> And from within the cherished heart to brace,
> Philosophy appears!'

Philosophy and Science united, are to

> 'Waken from long lethargy to life
> The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought.
> * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.'

It is not clear what the Author meant to include under the term Philosophy: it is however but candid to suppose, that he had a primary reference to that which is the basis of all true Philosophy,—Religion.

THE MINSTREL, it must be remembered, is an unfinished poem. The two parts are nevertheless sufficiently complete in themselves. The Author would have found increasing difficulty in proceeding with his plan; but the delicate state of his health, and the pressure of more important avocations, did not indeed admit of his making the experiment.

The First Book of THE MINSTREL appeared in quarto, in 1770, a few months after the appearance of the "ESSAY ON TRUTH;" but without a name. Its merit was, however, sufficiently conspicuous to procure the rapid sale of four editions; and in 1774 the Author produced the Second Book. In 1777 he published both parts together, with a few of his juvenile poems, being 'all to which he was willing to be considered as the author.' Among these, "The Hermit" has obtained a

general popularity. None of the others deserve particular notice.

Dr. Beattie attained poetical excellence by the slow process of indefatigable cultivation. His earliest productions, it is said, possessed but inferior merit. Though they obtained the praise of the critics of the day, the Author with some anxiety suppressed them a few years after. His school companions were, Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Virgil, Paradise Lost, and the Seasons On these his taste was formed, and by these his fondness for description and his love of poetry were nourished.

It is unnecessary to speak of Dr. Beattie's talents as a prose-writer on Ethical and Philosophical subjects. These, independently of his poetical fame, would have preserved his reputation. Nor would his exemplary and amiable character have deserved to be soon forgotten. One, and a melancholy claim, which the author of THE MINSTREL has upon our sympathy, arises from the distinguished heaviness of his domestic calamities. While his two children were very young, Mrs. Beattie was seized with a mental disorder which deprived him for ever of her society; and the shock of this painful separation was aggravated by an apprehension lest the consequences should not be confined to her own person. This alarm preyed for years upon his spirits; but his children grew up without exhibiting any symptoms of hereditary disease. Just as they were beginning to crown his fondest hopes, and to repay his anxious exertions, the elder, a youth of inestimable promise, fell a victim to consumption in his twenty-second year; and before Dr. Beattie had time to recover from this blow, the younger, then in his eighteenth year, was suddenly taken from the more than widowed parent by a rapid fever. Dr. Beattie acquiesced with pious resignation in

the mysterious dispensation of Heaven; but 'he felt as a man' From this period he withdrew from society, and, brooding over his sorrows, he at length sank beneath their pressure. His health gradually declined, and premature debility, unattended by any acute disorder, terminated his life on the 18th of August, 1803, in his sixty-eighth year. Few men have bequeathed a fairer character to society; and to few, perhaps, can the encomium which has been pronounced upon him, be applied with equal justice, that 'his life and his writings were in strict conformity.'

TO

MRS. MONTAGU,

THESE

Little Poems,

NOW REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE LAST TIME,

ARE,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF ESTEEM AND

GRATITUDE,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

JANUARY, 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the Public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter, who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But some private reasons determined the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greater part of the MINSTREL, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.

It is well known that the suppressed poems above alluded to have recently been more than once republished.

PREFACE

TO

THE MINSTREL.

THE design was to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a MINSTREL, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the Poetry is faulty in other respects.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant—— *Virg.*

BOOK I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.

There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had *He*, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth *The Minstrel* fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor Villager inspires my strain;
With thee let pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain,
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,

To please a tyrant, strain the little bill, [they will.
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow:
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resigned,
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shield
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiv

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal heal
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpions dart;
Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish schei
The stern resolve, unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed thei

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dw
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie:*
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance where Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by wi

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never swayed:
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
There kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings;
Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,
That chance may frustrate or indulgence cloy;
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourned no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season looked delightful as it passed,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.

eminence, to have been "*Of the North Countrie.*" It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent. *See Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roamed; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are cankered by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless lines unfold
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold,
No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth
And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why,
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad:
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled:
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,

Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies,
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;

Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.— [smil
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocea

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now en
bossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pr
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight,
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.*
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloo
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

* Brightness, splendour.

Why do the birds that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned!
Ah! see the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrowned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray,
And, hark! the river bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and, with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

Shall spring to these sad scenes no more retu
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence she
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to li
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arri
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumj
reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wished his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confin
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warned him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the r
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless migl

"And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of
O never, never turn away thine ear,
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should heaven refuse to h

To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky!
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun:
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet could'st thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering, and listening, wandered down the vale.

There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts, that to the charnel dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep,
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazoned arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire,
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire;

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.

y meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
ight, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
id along: with many-coloured rays
ers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
aze.

dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
ancied good, and brought substantial ill!
thy cursed scream, discordant still,
iarmony aye shut her gentle ear:
boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
t thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
er in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

ear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
ke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
how should he at wicked chance repine,
feels from every change amusement flow?
i now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
n he wanders through the scenes of morn,
re the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
re thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
sand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

who the melodies of morn can tell?
wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
pipe of early shepherd dim descried

In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.'

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings:
The whistling plowman stalks afield ! and hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings:
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings,
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due ! .
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Phyrro's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence ! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists ! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,

And ever ply your venomed fangs amain!
Hence to dark error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and informed my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide,
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms displayed;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamoured of the nut brown maid;

The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves the unutterable trade,* [blood,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre seared to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold with berries smeared, with brambles torn,†
The babes now famished lay them down to die,
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

* *Macbeth.* How now'ye secret, black and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?
Witches. A deed *without a name.* *Macb. Act IV. Scene* 1.

† See the fine old ballad, called the children in the Wood.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brightened one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
The assaults of discontent and doubt repel.
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope——to doubt, is to rebel,——
Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
Nor checked the tender tear to misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish drea
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, po
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunde
wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth,
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheered the shepherds round their social hearth
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed;
That nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city bred,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along the horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts, rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds rolled on the autumnal day,
Even then he hastened from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were joined,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seemed noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined.
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse: he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had planned;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languished to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare;
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controlled,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
any a long month lost in snow profound,
Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
their northern cave the storms are bound;
silent mountains, straight, with startling
id,
its are hurled; green hills emerge; and lo,
rees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
rned;
ills through vales of verdure warbling go;
ider, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
.*

pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
isure hour is all that thou can'st claim:
on this verse if Montagu smile,
rains ere long shall animate thy frame,
er applause to me is more than fame;
ill with truth accords her taste refined.
re or renown let others aim,
wish to please the gentle mind, [kind.
Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-

and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week e covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass s. *Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. *Horat.*

BOOK II.

Or chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed:
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloomed;*

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darkened eye, the withered face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,

* See *Plato's* Timeus.

Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along:
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
But now and then the shades of life explore,
Though many a sound and sight of wo annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies, [plies.
While each assailing blast increase of strength sup-

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamoured of the scene:
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there, with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell;
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long grove eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote surveyed
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here, and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crowned.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul;
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;—
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose:
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlayed?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm;—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of wo the locusts can perform!

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, though fortune aim her deadliest blow."

—This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beamed the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
" Ye tools and toys of tyranny adieu,
Scorned by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of levity and lust, who, all their days,
Ashamed of Truth and Liberty, have wooed
And hugged the chain, that glittering on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

" Like them, abandoned to ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawned and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the while;
So gnawed the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possessed,
Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease!
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring?

" Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown,
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

" And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day,
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
And when mild evening comes in mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

" For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
O Man, creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled!

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

"O thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from the abyss: when dark confusion, driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way."

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
"And is it thus, in courtly life," he cries,
"That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire!
Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learned admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turned away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employed.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoyed;
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;*
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoyed,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. *Shakespeare.*

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seemed to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seemed to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
"Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell!
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell:
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain passed, and valley wide,
Then reached the wild; where in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, licked the withered hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching, innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depressed his eye, that feared to give offence.
"Who art thou courteous stranger? and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this sequestered dale?"
"A shepherd boy," the youth replied, "far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

"Late as I roamed intent on Nature's charms,
I reached at eve this wilderness profound;
And leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognize the sound,)
You mourned for ruined man, and virtue lost,
And seemed to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days, by guilt engrossed,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation tossed.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learned,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul,
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearned,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achieved by arts, as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm contented mind;
Which, late exulting viewed in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with human-kind;
When Fancy roamed through Nature's works at will,
Unchecked by cold distrust and uninformed by ill."

"Wouldst thou," the sage replied, "in peace return,
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou the extent of human folly know?
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree;
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free;
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey,
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo! ere long is left alone to mourn, [urn.
And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandoned

"Ah! what avails," he said, "to trace the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah! what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drenched in blood, and breasts begirt with steel!
To those whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern.
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

"This praise, O Cheronean sage,* is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong!)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride:
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

* Plutarch.

"O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth:
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the flowret's long-expected birth, [mirth.
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content. [went.
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowled for prey, none watched to circumvent.
To all an equal lot heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal feared his lord, no tyrant feared his slave.

"But, ah! the historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallowed bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Poured on the vision of the enraptured bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That wean's the weary soul from guilt and wo!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know."

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
"For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
And yet even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

"And yet alas! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared:
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
How they have borne the load ourselves are doomed to bear.

"What charms the historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder sun from his meridian height
A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined?

"Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom reared!
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by law restrained!
Without you what were man? A grovelling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchained.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reigned
In arts unrivalled: O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage.
For, lo! with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherished heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By indolence and moping fancy bred,
Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,
And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life*
The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control.
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

"And reason now through number, time, and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
Can mortal sight so oft bedimmed with tears,
Such glory bear?—for, lo! the shadows fly
From Nature's face; confusion disappears,
And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

In the deep windings of the grove no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirits yell;

* The influence of the Philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion, and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe;—in banishing superstition; in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science;—from this Stanza to these cond Stanza, Page 66.

No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noo

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunned with the eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes that never learned to smile,
And trembling hands the famished native crave
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in cave
Or scorched on rocks he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved is deadly bane;
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to sho
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explo
Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of gol
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous bro
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from eve
flood.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learned to tame
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo! from the echoing axe, and thundering flam
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.

The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale, [gale.
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering

"What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's levelled dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire, [heart,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shades of Academus' grove;
Where cares molest not! discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove [love.
How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of

"What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil

A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
The assault of foreign or domestic crime.
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses; fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fixed in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan,
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan.

And emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams and all his wanderings shared
And blessed, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim the enthusiast's fond and first regard,
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection,* which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame.
Enamoured consecrates to never dying-fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface
Through ardour to adorn: but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lops the unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:

* Virgil.

* General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. *See Aristotle's Poetics, and the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Fain would I sing, what transport stormed his soul,
How the red current throbbed his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Without art graceful, without effort strong, [song.
Homer raised high to Heaven the loud, the impetuous

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skilled to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain.
I fain would sing:—but, ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
With trembling step to join yon weeping train
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mixed with shrieks of wo, the knells of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust.*—Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme!—To heart-consuming grief resigned,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays adieu!

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing wo!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers;
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh my tears.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who gladdest the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
And shrieks of wo, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.
O come, and be once more my guest:
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheered
And soothed him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combined,
Where fear's black banner blots the troubled sky,
Appalled retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.

Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted indolence upsprings,
And heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining fancy viewed,
Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illumined spire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial nigh

II. 1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape, stretched immense aroun
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.

Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues:
The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play:
Simplicity, in careless flowers arrayed,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek;
And modesty, half turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek!
Content and leisure, hand in hand
With innocence and peace, advance, and sing;
And mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead love along and harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms:
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.

Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay;
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
Now slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of wo, and groan of grim despair.
Lo, wisard envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow jealousy,
Frowning disdain, and haggard hate advance;
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale withered care his giant-stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp his feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewildered youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
Such war can virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of truth?
Alas! full oft on guilt's victorious car,
The spoils of virtue are in triumph borne;
While the fair captive, marked with many a scar,
In long obscurity, oppressed, forlorn,

gus to tears her angel form.
ited youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
riend, no shelter now is nigh,
onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

whence the sudden beam that shoots along?
shrink aghast the hostile throng?
from amidst affliction's night,
e bursts all radiant on the sight:
words the troubled bosom sooth.
hy thus dismayed?
ugh foes invade
e ne'er is wanting to their aid,
o tread the path of truth.
I, who smooth the rugged way,
ho close the eyes of sorrow,
l with glad visions of to-morrow
air the weary soul's decay.
en death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart
ams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
the freed spirit springs on high
apture too severe for weak mortality."

ODE TO PEACE.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness called the morn,
Of jarring elements composed the noise;
When Chaos from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurled the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir
To loftiest raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,
Poured in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide through night's dark desolate domain
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung

I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break fell tyranny's corroding chain,
From wo's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark from afar what loud tumultuous sound,
While echoes sweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!
Murder deep-roused, with the wild whirlwind's haste
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly-stern, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

Fierce up the yielding skies
The shouts redoubling rise:
Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,
And all is listening trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Dashed furious down in desperate cascade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty ocean's more majestic voice
Drowned in superior din is heard no more;
The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air
Seen on yon sky-mixed mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
War's dreadful lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame.
Whirled in tempestuous eddies flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darkened skies.
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
Fades the morn's vivid blush to deadly pale,
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involved in fire-streaked gloom the car comes on.
The mangled steeds grim terror guides.
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry power of battles rides:

Grasped in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land ;
Thunders the turret down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful swee
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades ;
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A bloated paleness beauty's bloom o'erspread
Fades every flowery field, and every verdure die

II. 3.

How startled frenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs !
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
See, with her griping vulture claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound
Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form, [st
That with his scourge sublime directs the whi

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within more foul
Than fellest fiend from Tartarus sprung,
In caverns hatched, where the fierce torrents
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
Yon naked waste survey :
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous
Where late the rosy-bosomed hours
In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers

Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And waked by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn
The voice of cheerful labour filled the dale;
And dove-eyed plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins sable from the wasting flame
But mark the once resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all!
Save where outstretched beneath yon hanging wall
Pale famine moans with feeble breath,
And torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth
Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings:
Along the lilied lawn the nymphs advance,
Flushed with love's bloom, and range the sprightly dance:
The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side,
Arrayed in all their rural pride,

Exalt the festive note,
Inviting echo from her inmost grot—
But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from thy sig

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred peace reside,
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of pride,
And grandeur wantons in soft pleasure's arms
Ambition! these are thine:
These from the soul erase the form divine;
These quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
Hate rides tremendous on th' o'erwhelming b
And midnight rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the funereal flames, and sound the shriel

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-beloved retreat,
What region brightens in thy smile,
Creative peace, and underneath thy feet
Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows,
Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?
Waved over by thy magic wand
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primeval sha
Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland re
And led by reason's ray the path of nature trea

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep*
Far leaning o'er the deep
The goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of nature's varied green
Waved on the gale; grief dimmed her radiant eyes,
Her swelling bosom heaved with boding sighs:
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war
Gleamed the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and on refulgent pinions borne
Slow winged her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

ODE

ON LORD HAY'S BIRTHDAY.

A MUSE, unskilled in venal praise,
Untrained with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart;

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. These ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the gulf of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long unpractised lyre,
To hail, O HAY, thy natal morn:
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclined,
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land;
Trample the invaders lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand:

'Twas this, that raised the illustrious line
To match the first in fame!
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame.
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire,
They triumphed but to save.

The muse with joy attends their way
  The vale of peace along;
There to its lord the village gay
  Renews the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of wo, nor clanking chain,
  Nor to the suppliant's wail resound;
The open doors the needy bless,
The unfriended hail their calm recess.
  And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
  Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
  To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury, be wise:
Know, happiness for ever flies
  The cold and solitary breast;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's wo,
  And in his joy be blessed.

O yet, ere pleasure plant her snare
  For unsuspecting youth;
Ere flattery her song prepare
  To check the voice of truth;
O may his country's guardian Power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
  And bright, inspiring dreams impart
To rouse the hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
  Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown,
When in his finished form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the secret snare:
For innocence with angel smile,
Simplicity that knows no guile,
And love and peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great;
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

THE

JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
A scene for love and solitude designed;
Where flowery woodbines wild by nature wove
Formed the lone bower, the royal swain reclined.

All up the craggy cliffs, that towered to heaven,
Green waved the murmuring pines on every side;
Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
A dale sloped gradual to the valley wide.

Echoed the vale with many a cheerful note;
The lowing of the herds resounding long,
The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
And social clamours of the festive throng.

For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
The sun, with ruddier verdure decked the plain:
And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.

And many a band of ardent youths were seen;
Some into rapture fired by glory's charms,
Or hurled the thundering car along the green,
Or marched embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leisure gay,
The darkening forest's lonely gloom explore,
Or by Scamander's flowery margin stray,
Or the blue Hellespont's resounding shore.

But chief the eye to Ilion's glories turned,
That gleamed along th' extended champaign far,
And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorned,
Where peace sat smiling at the frowns of war.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime,
In pride luxurious blazed th' imperial dome;
Towered mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime,
And dread memorials marked the hero's tomb.

Who from the black and bloody cavern led
The savage stern, and soothed his boisterous breast;
Who spoke, and science reared her radiant head,
And brightened o'er the long benighted waste;

Or, greatly daring in his country's cause,
Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan designed,
Whence power stood trembling at the voice of laws;
Whence soared on freedom's wing th' ethereal mind.

But not the pomp that royalty displays,
Nor all th' imperial pride of lofty Troy,
Nor virtue's triumph of immortal praise,
Could rouse the languor of the lingering boy.

Abandoned all to soft Enone's charms,
He to oblivion doomed the listless day;
Inglorious lulled in love's dissolving arms,
While flutes lascivious breathed th' enfeebling lay.

To trim the ringlets of his scented hair:
To aim, insidious, love's bewitching glance;
Or cull fresh garlands for the gaudy fair,
Or wanton loose in the voluptuous dance:

These were his arts; these won Enone's love,
Nor sought his fettered soul a nobler aim.
Ah, why should beauty's smile those arts approve,
Which taint with infamy the lover's flame?

Now laid at large beside a murmuring spring,
Melting he listened to the vernal song,
And echo listening waved her airy wing,
While the deep winding dales the lays prolong.

When slowly floating down the azure skies
A crimson cloud flashed on his startled sight;
Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumbered dies
Launched the long billowy trails of flickery light.

That instant, hushed was all the vocal grove,
Hushed was the gale, and every ruder sound,
And strains aërial, warbling far above,
Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near, and more near, the swimming radiance rolled;
Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
Sublime the groves of Ida blaze with gold,
And all the heaven resounds with louder lyres.

The trumpet breathed a note: and all in air,
The glories vanished from the dazzled eye;
And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they moved;
O'er-arching high the clustering roses hung,
And gales from heaven on balmy pinion roved,
And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The FIRST with slow and stately step drew near,
Fixed was her lofty eye, erect her mien:
Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
She looked and moved a goddess and a queen.

›be along the gale profusely streamed,
ht leaned the sceptre on her bending arm;
›und her brow a starry circlet gleamed,
ghtening the pride of each commanding charm.

· the NEXT came on with artless grace,
on a javelin's quivering length reclined:
lt her mien she bade no splendour blaze,
pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.

, though awful, on her brow the light
ieavenly wisdom shone: nor roved her eyes,
› the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
ie blue concave of th' involving skies.

/ere her eyes to search the inmost soul:
/irtue triumphed in their beams benign,
ipious pride oft felt their dread control,
n in fierce lightning flashed the wrath divine.*

we and wonder gazed th' adoring swain;
indling cheeks great virtue's power confessed;
n 'twas o'er; for virtue prompts in vain,
1 pleasure's influence numbs the nerveless
:ast.

w advanced the QUEEN OF MELTING JOY,
ng supreme in unresisted charms,
›, what transports fired the trembling boy!
1robbed his sickening frame with fierce alarms!

is agreeable to the theology of Homer, who often re-
Pallas as the executioner of divine vengeance.

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
And languish with unutterable love. [limb,
Heaven's warm bloom glows along each brightening
Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, blushing as abashed, she half withdrew:
One hand a bough of flowering myrtle waved,
One graceful spread, where, scarce concealed from view,
Soft through the parting robe her bosom heaved.

"Offspring of Jove supreme! beloved of Heaven!
Attend." Thus spoke the empress of the skies.
"For know, to thee, high-fated prince, 'tis given
Through the bright realms of fame sublime to rise

"Beyond man's boldest hope; if nor the wiles
Of Pallas triumph o'er th' ennobling thought;
Nor pleasure lure with artificial smiles
To quaff the poison of her luscious draught.

"When Juno's charms the prize of beauty claim,
Shall aught on earth, shall aught in heaven con-
Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame, [tend?
Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend?

"Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
Where echo sleeps mid caverned vales profound,
The pride of Troy, dominion's darling child,
Pines while the slow hour stalks its sullen round.

'Hear thou, of Heaven unconscious! From the blaze
Of glory, streamed from Jove's eternal throne,
Thy soul, O mortal, caught th' inspiring rays
That to a god exalt earth's raptured son.

"Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion borne,
That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul;
The heroes eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
Blasts the proud menace, and defies control.

"But, unimproved, Heaven's noblest boons are vain,
No sun with plenty crowns the uncultured vale:
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale.

"Deep in yon mountain's womb, where the dark cave
Howls to the torrent's everlasting roar,
Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave?
Or flames with steady ray the imperial ore?

"Toil decked with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
And wakes yon grove embosomed lawns to joy,
And rends the rough-ore from the mountain's side,
Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.

"Fly these soft scenes. Even now, with playful art,
Love wreathes the flowery ways with fatal snare.
And nurse the ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

"Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assigned,
From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
That quench Heaven's beam, and freeze the cheerless mind.

"Vain, then, the enlivening sound of fame's alarms,
For hope's exulting impulse prompts no more:
Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure's arms,
The throb of transport is for ever o'er.

"O who shall then to Fancy's darkening eyes
Recall the Elysian dreams of joy and light?
Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
Snatched instantaneous down the gulf of night.

"Thou, who securely lulled in youth's warm ray,
Mark'st not the desolations wrought by time,
Be roused or perish. Ardent for its prey
Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.

"And, midst the horrors shrined of midnight storm,
The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
Black with intolerable frowns her form,
Beckoning the embattled whirlwinds into war

"Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempest whelms;
Yet glory braves unmoved the impetuous sweep.
Fly then, ere, hurled from life's delightful realms,
Thou sink t' oblivion's dark and boundless deep.

"Fly then, where glory points the path sublime,
See her crown dazzling with eternal light!
'Tis Juno prompts thy daring steps to climb,
And girds thy bounding heart with matchless might.

"Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
Burst the soft chain that curbs the aspiring mind:
And fly, where victory, borne on wings of fire,
Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

"Ascend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high
Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.

"Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field
I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide:
Fate scatters lightning from thy meteor-shield,
And ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.

"Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
On prostrate pride, and grandeur's spoils o'er-thrown,
While all amazed even heroes shrink afar,
And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.

"When glory crowns thy godlike toils, and all
The triumph's lengthening pomp exalts thy soul,
When lowly at thy feet the mighty fall,
And tyrants tremble at thy stern control:

"When conquering millions hail thy sovereign n
And tribes unknown dread acclamation join:
How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight!
For all the ecstacies of heaven are thine:

"For thine the joys, that fear no length of day
Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bou
Fame's trump in thunder shall announce thy pr
Nor bursting worlds her clarion's blast confou

The goddess ceased, not dubious of the prize:
Elate she marked his wild and rolling eye,
Marked his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffused with cr imson

But Pallas now drew near. Sublime, serene
In conscious dignity, she viewed the swain;
Then, love and pity softening all her mien,
Thus breathed with accents mild the solemn s

"Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,
The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous b
And snatch from reason's ken the auspicious re
Truth darts from heaven to guide the exp
mind.

"But wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,
When Heaven's pure emanation beams confe
Rage, ecstacy, alike disclaim her power,
She wooes each gentler impulse of the breas

"Sincere the unaltered bliss her charms impart,
Sedate the enlivening ardours they inspire:
She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,
She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

"Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,
All to the storm the unfettered sail devolve;
Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,
Borne headlong on by passion's keen resolve.

"While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,
Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
Yet, yet a moment check thy prone career,
And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy soul.

"Explore thy heart, that, roused by glory's name,
Pants all enraptured with the mighty charm—
And, does ambition quench each milder flame?
And is it conquest that alone can warm?

"T' indulge fell rapine's desolating lust,
To drench the balmy lawn in streaming gore,
To spurn the heroes cold and silent dust—
Are these thy joys? Nor throbs thy heart for more?

"Pleased canst thou listen to the patriot's groan,
And the wild wail of innocence forlorn?
And hear the abandoned maid's last frantic moan,
Her love for ever from her bosom torn?

" Nor wilt thou shrink, when virtue's fainting breath
Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head?
Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,
To glare distraction on thy midnight bed?

" Was it for this, though born to regal power,
Kind heaven to thee did nobler gifts consign,
Bade fancy's influence gild thy natal hour,
And bade Philanthropy's applause be thine?

" Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,
And theirs the pride of pomp, and praise suborned,
Whose eye ne'er lightened at the smile of joy,
Whose cheek the tear of pity ne'er adorned:

" Whose soul, each finer sense instinctive quelled,
The lyre's mellifluous ravishment defies:
Nor marks where beauty roves the flowery field,
Or grandeur's pinion sweeps the unbounded skies.

" Hail to sweet fancy's unexpressive charm!
Hail to the pure delights of social love!
Hail, pleasures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
Nor rack the exulting frame, but gently move.

" But fancy sooths no more, if stern remorse
With iron grasp the tortured bosom wring.
Ah then, even fancy speeds the venom's course,
Even fancy points with rage the maddening sting.

"Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of hell:
The beam of beauty blasts: dark heavens impend
Tottering: and Music thrills with startling yell.

"What then avails, that with exhaustless store
Obsequious luxury loads thy glittering shrine?
What then avails, that prostrate slaves adore,
And fame proclaims thee matchless and divine?

"What though bland flattery all her arts apply?—
Will these avail to calm the infuriate brain?
Or will the roaring surge, when heaved on high,
Headlong hang, hushed, to hear the piping swain?

"In health how fair, how ghastly in decay
Man's lofty form! how heavenly fair the mind
Sublimed by virtue's sweet enlivening sway!
But ah! to guilt's outrageous rule resigned,

"How hideous and forlorn! when ruthless care
With cankering tooth corrodes the seeds of life,
And deaf with passion's storms when pines despair,
And howling furies rouse the eternal strife.

"O, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
Pledges of Heaven! be taught by wisdom's lore:
With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

"Straight by thy course: nor tempt the maze that lea
Where fell remorse his shapeless strength conceal
And oft ambition's dizzy cliff he treads,
And slumbers oft in pleasure's flowery vales.

"Nor linger unresolved: Heaven prompts the choic
Save when presumption shuts the ear of pride:
With grateful awe attend to nature's voice,
The voice of nature Heaven ordained thy guide.

"Warned by her voice, the arduous path pursue,
That leads to virtue's fane a hardy band:
What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land.

"What, though rude mountains heave the flinty wa
Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine,
And pure aërial gales of gladness play,
Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

"Go, prince, be virtuous, and be blest. The thron
Rears not its state to swell the couch of lust;
Nor dignify corruption's daring son,
T' o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

"But yield an ampler scene to bounty's eye,
And ampler range to mercy's ear expand:
And, 'midst admiring nations, set on high
Virtue's fair model, framed by wisdom's hand.

"Go then: the moan of wo demands thine aid:
Pride's licensed outrage claims thy slumbering ire:
Pale genius roams the bleak neglected shade,
And battening avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

"Even nature pines by vilest chains oppressed:
Th' astonished kingdoms crouch to fashion's nod.
O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast,
Truth, freedom, love, O where is your abode?

"O yet once more shall peace from heaven return,
And young simplicity with mortals dwell!
Nor innocence th' august pavilion scorn,
Nor meek contentment fly the humble cell!

"Wilt thou, my prince, the beauteous train implore,
Midst earth's forsaken scenes once more to bide?
Then shall the shepherd sing in every bower,
And love with garlands wreathe the domes of pride.

"The bright tear starting in th' impassioned eyes
Of silent gratitude: the smiling gaze
Of gratulation, faltering while he tries
With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise;

"Th' ethereal glow that stimulates thy frame,
When all th' according powers harmonious move,
And wake to energy each social aim,
Attuned spontaneous to the will of Jove:

" Be these, O man, the triumphs of thy soul;
And all the conqueror's dazzling glories slight,
That meteor-like, o'er trembling nations roll,
To sink at once in deep and dreadful night.

" Like thine, yon orb's stupendous glories burn
With genial beam; nor, at th' approach of even,
In shades of horror leave the world to mourn,
But gild with lingering light th' impurpled heaven.'

Thus while she spoke, her eye, sedately meek,
Looked the pure fervour of maternal love.
No rival zeal intemperate flushed her cheek—
Can beauty's boast the soul of wisdom move?

Worth's noble pride, can envy's leer appal,
Or staring folly's vain applauses sooth?
Can jealous fear truth's dauntless heart enthrál?
Suspicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the shepherd raised his pensive head:
Yet unresolved and fearful roved his eyes,
Scared at the glances of the awful maid;
For young unpractised guilt distrusts the guise

Of shameless arrogance—his wavering breast,
Though warmed by wisdom, owned no constant fire
While lawless fancy roamed afar, unblest
Save in the oblivious lap of soft desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles:
"Let gentler fate my darling prince attend,
Joyless and cruel are the warrior's spoils,
Dreary the path stern virtue's sons ascend.

"Of human joy full short is the career,
And the dread verge still gains upon your sight:
While idly gazing, far beyond your sphere,
Ye scan the dream of unapproached delight:

"Till every sprightly hour, and blooming scene,
Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
And clouds of tempests mount the blue serene,
And storms and ruin close the troublous day.

"Then still exult to hail the present joy,
Thine be the boon that comes unearned by toil;
No froward vain desire thy bliss annoy,
No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.

"Ah! why should man pursue the charms of fame,
For ever luring, yet for ever coy?
Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillared gleam,
That melts illusive from the wondering boy!

"What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
If hung loose-tottering o'er th' unfathomed tomb?
What though her mighty clarion, reared sublime,
Display the imperial wreath, and glittering plume?

" Can glittering plume, or can th' imperial wre
Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave ?
What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave ?

" That night draws on : nor will the vacant hou
Of expectation linger as it flies :
Nor fate one moment unenjoyed restore :
Each moment's flight how precious to the wis

" O shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great
There coward office boasts th' unpunished wron
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.

" O'er fancied injury suspicion pines,
And in grim silence gnaws the festering wou
Deceit the rage-embittered smile refines,
And censure spreads the viperous hiss around

" Hope not, fond prince, though wisdom guard
throne,
Though truth and bounty prompt each gen
Though thine the palm of peace, the victor's cr
The muse's rapture, and the patriot's flame :

" Hope not, though all that captivates the wise,
All that endears the good exalt thy praise :
Hope not to taste repose : for envy's eyes
At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.

" Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
Can aught of virtue, truth, or beauty charm ?
Can soft compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
Repentance melt, or gratitude disarm ?

" Ah no. Where winter Scythia's waste enchains,
And monstrous shapes roar to the ruthless storm,
Not Phœbus' smile can cheer the dreadful plains,
Or soil accursed with balmy life inform.

" Then, envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
When mourns benevolence his baffled scheme :
When insult mocks the clemency of power,
And loud dissension's livid firebrands gleam :

" When squint eyed slander plies th' unhallowed tongue,
From poisoned maw when treason weaves his line,
And muse apostate (infamy to song !)
Grovels, low-muttering, at sedition's shrine.

" Let not my prince forego the peaceful shade,
The whispering grove, the fountain and the plain :
Power, with th' oppressive weight of pomp arrayed,
Pants for simplicity and ease in vain.

" The yell of frantic mirth may stun his ear,
But frantic mirth soon leaves the heart forlorn ;
And pleasure flies that high tempestuous sphere :
Far different scenes her lucid paths adorn.

" She loves to wander on th' untrodden lawn,
Or the green bosom of reclining hill,
Soothed by the careless warbler of the dawn,
Or the lone plaint of ever-murmuring rill.

" Or from the mountain-glade's aërial brow,
While to her song a thousand echoes call,
Marks the wild woodland wave remote below,
Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

" Her influence oft the festive hamlet proves,
Where the high carol cheers th' exulting ring:
And oft she roams the maze of wildering groves,
Listening th' unnumbered melodies of spring.

" Or to the long and lonely shore retires;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam

" Then to the balmy bower of rapture borne,
While strings self-warbling breathe Elysian rest,
Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

" The frolic moments, purple-pinioned, dance
Around, and scatter roses as they play:
And the blithe graces, hand in hand, advance,
Where, with her loved compeers, she deigns to stray

"Mild solitude, in veil of rustic dye,
Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound;
And indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground:

"But chiefly love—O thou, whose gentle mind
Each soft indulgence nature framed to share;
Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resigned,
O haste to pleasure's bower, for love is there.

"Love, the desire of gods! the feast of Heaven!
Yet to earth's favoured offspring not denied!
Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
Enslave to fame, or sacrifice to pride.

"Nor I from virtue's call decoy thine ear;
Friendly to pleasure are her sacred laws,
Let temperance' smile the cup of gladness cheer:
That cup is death, if he withhold applause.

"Far from thy haunt be envy's baneful sway,
And hate, that works the harassed soul to storm;
But woo content to breathe her soothing lay,
And charm from fancy's view each angry form.

"No savage joy th' harmonious hours profane!
Whom love refines, can barbarous tumults please
Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan reign?
Shall leisure wanton in the spoils of peace?

"Free let the feathery race indulge the song,
Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love:
Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

"To joy in nature's universal smile
Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere;
But why should virtue doom thy years to toil?
Ah, why should virtue's law be deemed severe?

"What meed, beneficence, thy care repays?
What, sympathy, thy still returning pang?
And why his generous arm should justice raise,
To dare the vengeance of a tyrant's fang?

"From thankless spite no bounty can secure;
Or froward wish of discontent fulfil,
That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

"To check th' impetuous all-involving tide
Of human woes, how impotent thy strife!
High o'er thy mounds devouring surges ride,
Nor reck thy baffled toils, or lavished life.

"The bower of bliss, the smile of love be thine,
Unlaboured ease, and leisure's careless dream.
Such be their joys, who bend at VENUS' shrine,
And own her charms beyond compare supreme."

Warmed as she spoke, all panting with delight,
Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom,
And cupids flattered round in circlets bright,
And Flora poured from all her stores perfume.

"Thine be the prize," exclaimed the enraptured youth,
"Queen of unrivalled charms, and matchless joy."—
O blind to fate, felicity, and truth!—
But such are they, whom pleasure's snares decoy.

The sun was sunk; the vision was no more;
Night downward rushed tempestuous, at the frown
Of Jove's awakened wrath: deep thunders roar,
And forests howl afar, and mountains groan,

And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain;
With horror's scream the Ilian towers resound,
Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground.

THE

TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought
These scenes deep-stained with sorrow's sable dye
Hast thou in store no joy-illumined draught,
To cheer bewildered fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Decked gorgeous by the lavish hand of spring;
Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,
And laughing loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
While to the gale low-murmuring through the glade
He tempers sweet his sprightly-warbling lay.

Hail innocence! whose bosom, all serene,
Feels not fierce passion's raving tempest roll!
Oh ne'er may care distract that placid mien! [soul
Oh ne'er may doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire concealed,
Yonder she comes! the heart-inflaming fiend!
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield?)
Swift to her destined prey see passion bend!

Oh smile accursed, to hide the worst designs!
Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a threatful glare;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair!

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime!
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield?
Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waste the flowery field?

How memory pains! Let some gay theme beguile,
The musing mind, and sooth to soft delight.
Ye images of wo, no more recoil;
Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce winter, armed with wasteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How sweet to sit in this sequestered bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor pleasure's flower-embroidered paths decoy,
Nor anguish lurks in grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has contentment cheered this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye;
Here health has oft in blushing beauty glowed,
While loose-robed quiet stood enamoured by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose:
The storm these humble walls assails in vain?
Screened is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! Thine, winter, be the skies,
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste:
Nature thy momentary rage defies;
To her relief the gentler seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see spring appear!
(As fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald-car the youthful zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund hours are fluttering seen;
And lo, her rod the rose-lipped power extends!
And lo, the lawns are decked in living green, [scend
And beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven d

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
But will all nature joy at your return?
Say, can ye cheer pale sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

l ye one transient ray of gladness dart
ross the dark cell where hopeless slavery lies?
ease tired disappointment's bleeding heart,
Vill all your stores of softening balm suffice?

hen fell oppression in his harpy-fangs
From want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
n ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whose famished child craves help with fruitless tears?

or ah! thy reign, oppression, is not past.
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?
Vho lays the once-rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

) ye, to pleasure who resign the day,
As loose in luxury's clasping arms you lie,
) yet let pity in your breast bear sway,
And learn to melt at misery's moving cry.

3ut hopest thou, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Iopest thou to soften pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain?

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictured scroll;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And swell to thought sublime the exalted soul.

What mingling pomps rush boundless on the gaze
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep!
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets rais
What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep!

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish
shields,
The embattled legions stretch their long array;
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires!
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien
The smiles of Love stern wisdom's frown contro
Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
Speaks the great purpose, and the unconquer
soul.

Mark, where ambition leads the adverse band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain?
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven:
Hatred to madness wrought, each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for liberty who dare to die—
Ah, liberty! will none thy cause befriend!
Are these thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly!

Not virtue's self, when heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosened nerves, or warm the heart;
Not virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When festers in the soul misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all dismayed
The scattering legions pour along the plain,
Ambition's car with bloody spoils arrayed
Hews its broad way, as vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,*
Abandoned lies, and with undaunted look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

* Such, according to the description given by Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to liberty he turns,
As scarce-supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevelled locks she rends the pl
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stained cheek no roses bloo

Meanwhile the world, ambition, owns thy sway
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroe
Sink virtue's sons beneath misfortune's frown, [
While guilt's thrilled bosom leaps at plea

Full oft, where solitude and silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of wo from virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O melancholy, to withstand!
Tired I submit; but yet, O yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

Yet for awhile let the bewildered soul
Find in society relief from wo;
O yield awhile to friendship's soft control;
Some respite, friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come, then, Philander! for thy lofty mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resigned,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of fate

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys;
Who lend'st to misery's moans a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty; with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;
Who, unenslaved by custom's narrow tie,
With manly freedom followest reason's call.

And bring thy Delia, softly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform;
Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm:

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refined,
She courts not homage, nor desires to shine;
In her each sentiment sublime is joined
To female sweetness, and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep surrounding shade.
Let chastened mirth the social hours employ
O catch the swift-winged hour before 'tis fled,
On swiftest pinion flies the hour of joy.

Even while the careless disencumbered soul
Dissolving sinks to joy's oblivious dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With haste impetuous down life's surgy stre

Can gayety the vanished years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or sooth the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the de

Still sounds the solemn knell in fancy's ear,
That called Cleora to the silent tomb;
To her how jocund rolled the sprightly year!
How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bl

Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave,
Whelmed in th' enormous wreck of human

The thought-fixed portraiture, the breathing bu
The arch with proud memorials arrayed,
The long-lived pyramid shall sink in dust
To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray.
Ah, melancholy! how I feel thy power!
Long have I laboured to elude thy sway!
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste
Through many a lonesome path is doomed to roam,
Wildered and weary sits him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

ELEGY.

Tired with the busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
'Till genial sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touched by thy rod, from power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;
And on the cold earth stretched the son of wo
Quaffs pleasure's draught, and wears a fancied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathomed deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb:

Perhaps loose luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store;
Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

sons of sorrow! though the threatening storm
angry fortune overhang awhile,
ot her frowns your inward peace deform;
on happier days in happier climes shall smile.

ugh earth's thronged visions while we toss forlorn,
s tumult all, and rage, and restless strife;
hese shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
ien death awakes us to immortal life.

ELEGY.

; shall unthinking man substantial deem
'orms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
it some stroke of fate the vision flies,
sad realities in prospect rise;
from elysian slumbers rudely torn,
startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.
ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
ie spirits to the song of gladness dance,
flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
ring in beams of visionary day;
t while fate delays th' impending wo,
med to thought, anticipate the blow;
like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
1 to confound, and penetrate to kill;
thus encompassed with funereal gloom,
me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
your wild ravings in night's frighted ear,
alf pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good! O every grace combine
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinioned gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That heard remote along the vale decay!
Yet, why with these compared? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be matched with thine
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to fancy's view?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile;
That soul expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
'Tis all my soul, each tumult charmed away,
Yields, gently led, to virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,

Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.
Ah whither fled! ye dear illusions stay!
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decayed,
Which late the purple light of youth displayed!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestowed;
With life and thought each speaking feature glowed.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope we deemed no tempest nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.
Cold the soft hand, that soothed wo's weary head
And quenched the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower!
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
Is virtue then no more the care of Heaven!
But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!
We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.
Escaped the dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain?
Say, pines not virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemned to roam forlorn!
Where reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,

Black billowy deeps in storms perpetual tossed,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke, that burst the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat and fears alarm no more.
Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew;
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the parent, brother, friend!
How vain the hope of man! But cease thy strain,
Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mixed with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of Even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where melancholy strays forlorn,
And wo retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn,
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

"Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;

When fancy roved at large nor care,
Nor cold distress alarmed,
Nor envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harmed.

"'Twas then, O solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car,
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
or he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly wo,
nd triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
o more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful hope misled;
eaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
or present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

THE HERMIT.

close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
iortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
ought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
re with himself or with nature at war,
ought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

THE

BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES AND CRANES.

From the Pygmæ-Gerano-Machia of Addison.

The pygmy-people, and the feathered train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes, [woes.
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumbered

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo manned with all the flower of Greece?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus, stern of face,
And Peleus' son unrivalled in the race,
Eneas, founder of the Roman line,
And William, glorious on the banks of Boyne?
Who has not learned to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's epic page to doze?
'Tis I who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darkened skies.

Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn:
Bosomed in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of Fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourished of the pygmy-breed;
Here Industry performed, and Genius planned,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on the abandoned hearth;
And starts, where small white bones are spread around.
"Or little footsteps lightly print the ground;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates befel her hostile rage,
While reigned, invincible, through many an age,
The dreaded Pygmy: roused by war's alarms
Forth rushed the madding Mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies;
And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load!)
With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
And often made the yellow young his prey;
With slaughtered victims heaped his board, and smiled,
T' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
Oft where his feathered foe had reared her nest,
And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burst their way:
All went to wreck; the infant foeman fell,
Whence scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.
Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
And the fell rancour of encountering foes;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc whelms,
And death's grim visage scares the pygmy-realms.
Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
Of mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre;
When bold to battle marched th' accoutered frogs,
And the deep tumult thundered through the bogs.
Pierced by the javelin bulrush on the shore
Here agonizing rolled the mouse in gore
And there the frog (a scene full sad to see!)
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawled along on three:

He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.
And now the day of wo drew on apace,
A day of wo to all the pygmy race,
When dwarfs were doomed (but penitence was vain
To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
For roused to vengeance by repeated wrong
From distant climes the long-billed legions throng
From Strymon's lake, Cäysters plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia green with rustling reeds;
From where the Danube winds through many a lan
And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flig
Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for figh
Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns
And every bosom for the battle burns.
When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretched immense survey
Deep deep beneath; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commixed, innumerous rid
'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.
Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
Where marched in pomp of war th' embattled fo
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lan

› right and left the lengthening lines they form,
nd ranked in deep array await the storm.
High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen.
f giant stature, and imperial mien.
ull twenty inches tall, he strode along,
nd viewed with lofty eye the wondering throng;
nd while with many a scar his visage frowned,
ared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
f beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
he glorious meed of high heroic might.
or with insatiate vengeance, he pursued,
nd never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
nhappy they, confiding in the length
f horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
Vho durst abide his rage; the blade descends,
nd from the panting trunk the pinion rends.
aid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
he trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
Vhat hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
hat heaps of chicken carnage marked his course!
ow oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
id wailing echo waft the funeral song!
nd now from far the mingling clamours rise,
oud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
rom skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
ear and more near descends the dreadful shade,
nd now in battailous array displayed
n sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
he cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pygmy warriors eye with fearless glare
The host thick swarming o'er the burdened air;
Thick swarming now, but to their native land
Doomed to return a scanty straggling band.
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven.
The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the crash of arms:
Loose feathers from the encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from toil upsprings the panting crane,
Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfixed in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls:
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;
Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.
Encompassed round with heaps of slaughtered foes,
All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows.
And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;

every side th' avenging cranes amain
ıg, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
ı suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
l enormous, sousing from above,
'allant chieftain clutched, and, soaring high,
:hance of battle!) bore him up the sky.
ranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
er triumphant round the captive king.
ı! what pangs each pygmy bosom wrung,
, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
n the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
riggling form still lessening as he soared.
ret again with unabated rage
'tal strife the mingling hosts engage.
rane with darted bill assaults the foe,
ing; then wheels aloft to scape the blow:
warf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
hirls in empty air the falchion round.
h was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
ıe th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms.
Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
d Pelion huge, and hurled it high at heaven.
olled redoubling thunders from on high,
aims and bolts encountered in the sky;
ıe stupendous ruin whelmed the crew,
vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.
now at length the pygmy legions yield,
inged with terror fly the fatal field.
'aise a weak and melancholy wail,
distraction scattering o'er the vale.

Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend;
Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend:
With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
'Twas thus the pygmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquered cranes renowned afar,
Perished. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where Fate has fixed the everlasting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
And Persia's proud dominion is no more;
Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.
And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
The pygmy heroes roam th' elysian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
Their frisking forms, in gentle green arrayed,
Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
And all their woes in long oblivion rest:
Down the deep vale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay:
'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth
Are doomed to trouble from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share;
But say, is yours without compare?
Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Pressed with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least. Look further still,
And own your lamentable case
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfixed with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
Nor slumber's balmy blessing shares;
Despair, remorse, and terror roll
Their tempests on his harrassed soul.
  But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.
  Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,

The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And Fancy oft the game descries
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.
  Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set, while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appeared.
"Our harmless race shall every savage
Both quadruped and biped ravage?
Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits to work us ill?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet, ere noontide, meet his death,
And lie dismembered on the heath.
For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
Nor strength nor speed, eludes their rage.
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of wo;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bathed in tears.
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
Small is each individual's force:
To stratagem be our recourse:
And then, from all our tribes combined,
The murderer to his cost may find

:s are weak, whom justice arms,
concord leads, and hatred warms.
ıed; or liberty acquire,
he great attempt expire."
d no more, for in his breast
:ting thoughts the voice suppressed:
'e of vengeance seemed to stream
his swoln eyeball's yellow gleam.
now the tumults of the war,
ng confusedly from afar,
in the wind. Now louder cries
:d of hounds and men arise.
from the brake, with beating heart,
sembled hares tumultuous start,
very straining nerve on wing,
precipitately spring,
ınting band, a signal given,
thundering o'er the plain are driven;
iff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
ver broad, impetuous bound;
lunge amid the forest shades,
: through the openings of the glades;
'er the level valley sweep,
vith short steps strain up the steep;
backward from the hunter's eyes
ndscape like a torrent flies.
an ancient wood they gained,
ıner's axe yet unprofaned.
›'er the rest, by nature reared,
ık's majestic boughs appeared;
h, a copse of various hue
barous luxuriance grew.

No knife had curbed the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove the implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazle's stubborn stem entwined,
And bramble twigs were wreathed around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering, from the sons of murther,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.
But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roared the woods among;
From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
The sound of wo and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seemed impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke.
" O wretched race, the scorn of fate,
Whom ills of every sort await!
O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since Fate is ever more pursuing
All ways, and means to work our ruin?

Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemned to misery worse than death!
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live!
No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, all hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That glittering in the solar ray,
Gleamed through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,
Concealed within a thorny brake,
A linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impressed;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appeared, his fears were vain;
Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.

" Is there on earth a wretch," they said,
" Whom our approach can strike with dread ?"
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has reared aloft his goodly scheme,
And proved his predecessors fools,
And bound all Nature by his rules ;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise ;
Which, bursting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.
" Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,
" In slight events the docile mind
May hints of good instruction find.
That our condition is the worst,
And we with such misfortunes cursed
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry.
When lo, an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight,
Has made your stubborn heart confess
(So your amazement bids me guess)
That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whom even a helpless hare alarms ?

he repines not at his lot,
en past the danger is forgot:
yonder bough he trims his wings,
l with unusual rapture sings;
ile we, less wretched, sink beneath
lighter ills, and rush to death.
more of this unmeaning rage,
hear, my friends, the words of age.
When by the winds of autumn driven
scattered clouds fly cross the heaven,
have we, from some mountain's head,
eld th' alternate light and shade
ep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
shadowy cloud; there downwards pours,
aming direct, a flood of day,
ich from the view flies swift away;
ies, while other shades advance,
l other streaks of sunshine glance.
is chequered is the life below
h gleams of joy and clouds of wo.
n hope not, while we journey on,
l to be basking in the sun:
fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
it sunshine will no more return.
by your terrors overcome,
fly before th' approaching gloom,
rapid clouds your flight pursue,
l darkness still o'ercasts your view.
o longs to reach the radiant plain
st onward urge his course amain;
doubly swift the shadow flies,
en 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies:

At least be firm, and undismayed
Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
Ere long spontaneous glides away,
And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
No more the shrill horn's angry blast
Howls in our ear; the savage roar
Of war and murder is no more.
Then snatch the moment fate allows,
Nor think of past or future woes."
He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.
Now from the western mountain's brow
Compassed with clouds of various glow,
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round.
Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

THE

WOLF AND SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

's, as we read in ancient sages,
e been like cobwebs in all ages.
webs for little flies are spread,
laws for little folks are made;
if an insect of renown,
net or beetle, wasp or drone,
aught in quest of sport or plunder,
flimsy fetter flies in sunder.
our simile perhaps may please one
whom wit holds the place of reason
can you prove that this in fact is
eeable to life and practice?
hen hear, what in his simple way
Esop told me t'other day.
ays of yore, but (which is very odd)
author mentions not the period,
hortal men, less given to speeches,
wed the beasts sometimes to teach us.
now we all are prattlers grown,
suffer no voice but our own;
h us no beast has leave to speak,
ough his honest heart should break.
true, your asses and your apes,
other brutes in human shapes,

And that thing made of sound and show
Which mortals have misnamed a beau
(But in the language of the sky
Is called a two-legged butterfly,)
Will make your very heartstrings ache
With loud and everlasting clack,
And beat your auditory drum,
Till you grow deaf, or they grow dumb.
  But to our story we return:
'Twas early on a summer morn,
A Wolf forsook the mountain-den,
And issued hungry on the plain.
Full many a stream and lawn he passed,
And reached a winding vale at last;
Where from a hollow rock he spied
The shepherds drest in flowery pride.
Garlands were strowed, and all was gay,
To celebrate an holiday.
The merry tabor's gamesome sound
Provoked the sprightly dance around.
Hard by a rural board was reared,
On which in fair array appeared
The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
And all the fruitage of the season.
But, more distinguished than the rest,
Was seen a wether ready drest,
That smoking, recent from the flame,
Diffused a stomach-rousing steam.
Our wolf could not endure the sight,
Courageous grew his appetite:

is entrails groaned with tenfold pain,
e licked his lips, and licked again;
t last. with lightning in his eyes,
le bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
Shepherds, I am not given to scolding,
ut now my spleen I cannot hold in.
y Jove, such scandalous oppression
Vould put an elephant in passion.
ou, who your flocks (as you pretend)
y wholesome laws from harm defend,
Vhich make it death for any beast,
low much soe'er by hunger pressed,
o seize a sheep by force or stealth,
or sheep have right to life and health;
an you commit, unchecked by shame,
Vhat in a beast so much you blame?
Vhat is a law, if those who make it
ecome the forwardest to break it?
he case is plain: you would reserve
ll to yourselves, while others starve.
uch laws from base self-interest spring,
ot from the reason of the thing—"
He was proceeding, when a swain
urst out—"And dares a wolf arraign
is betters, and condemn their measures,
nd contradict their wills and pleasures?
/e have established laws, 'tis true,
ut laws are made for such as you.
now, sirrah, in its very nature
law can't reach the legislature.

For laws, without a sanction joined,
As all men know, can never bind:
But sanctions reach not us the makers,
For who dares punish us though breakers?
'Tis therefore plain, beyond denial,
That laws were ne'er designed to tie all;
But those, whom sanctions reach alone;
We stand accountable to none.
Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
Laws from the great derive their being,
They as in duty bound should love
The great, in whom they live and move,
And humbly yield to their desires:
'Tis just what gratitude requires.
What suckling dandled on the lap
Would tear away its mother's pap?
But hold—Why deign I to dispute
With such a scoundrel of a brute?
Logic is lost upon a knave,
Let action prove the law our slave."
  An angry nod his will declared
To his gruff yeoman of the guard;
The full-fed mongrels, trained to ravage,
Fly to devour the shaggy savage.
  The beast had now no time to lose
In chopping logic with his foes,
"This argument," quoth he, "has force,
And swiftness is my sole resource."
  He said, and left the swains their prey,
And to the mountains scoured away.

SONG;

IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND."

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot sooth
My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream!
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze

Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft control
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!
Be hushed, each vernal strain;
Since nought can sooth my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON,

Dressed in a Tartan Scotch bonnet, with plumes.

WHY, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm?

Thou knowest that virtue is of power the source,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

plumy helmet, and the martial mien,
light dignify Minerva's awful charms;
more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
miles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

EPITAPH:

ng part of an inscription designed for a monument erected by a gentleman to the memory of his lady.

REWELL, my best-beloved; whose heavenly mind
nius with virtue, strength with softness joined;
votion, undebased by pride or art,
ith meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
ough sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
d only of thyself a judge severe;
blamed, unequalled in each sphere of life,
e tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
thee their Patroness th' afflicted lost;
y friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
d I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
paint th' extremes of transport and despair!
Thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
y guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell.

EPITAPH

On two young men of the name of Leitch, who were drowned in crossing the river Southesk.
1757.

O THOU! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of wo;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life, they left the stage:
Not doomed in lingering wo to waste their breath,
One moment snatched them from the power of death
They lived united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom death cannot divide!

EPITAPH,

Intended for himself.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

ike thee, I once have stemmed the sea of life ;
Like thee, have languished after empty joys ;
ike thee, have laboured in the stormy strife ;
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

'et, for awhile, 'gainst passion's threatful blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling oar ;
hot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

'orget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall ;
or read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

Miscellanies,

BY

AMES HAY BEATTIE, A. M.

N 2

TO THE HON.

COSMO GORDON, ESQ.

One of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer;

TO

SIR WILLIAM FORBES, BART.

Of Pitsligo;

TO

ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Secretary to the Honourable Board of Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactures, and Improvements in Scotland;

AND TO

JAMES MERCER, ESQ.

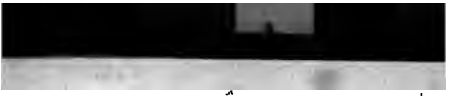
Formerly Major of the Forty-ninth Regiment.

To you, MY DEAR FRIENDS, I beg leave to inscribe this little miscellany. To you its author was well known: ye were pleased, even from his childhood, to interest yourselves in his welfare: and towards you, on account of your eminent virtues and abilities, and of that unreserved and uninterrupted friendship with which he knew ye had, for more than thirty years, honoured his father, his gratitude and veneration were peculiarly strong. These are the reasons which induce me to take the liberty of addressing you on the present occasion.

Of my conduct in making this collection there is one circumstance which may seem to need an apology; and that is, my putting together in the same volume pieces so different in style and character. I might say, that many writers and editors have done the same thing without incurring blame. But I have another and perhaps a better reason. I wished to give such proofs as could be had,

and might be published, of the various talents of the author; and, for the sake of the example, to show, that, though studious and learned, he was neither austere nor formal; and that in him the strictest piety and modesty were united with the utmost cheerfulness, and even playfulness, of disposition.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your ever-obliged and
Most faithful friend and servant,
JAMES BEATTIE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

these Miscellanies the reader will be pleased to mber, that very few were revised by the author; not one received his last emendations; and that far greater part were composed in his seventeenth or eenth year, and some at a still earlier period. All otes marked J. H. B. are by the author; the other by the editor.

MISCELLANIES,

BY

JAMES HAY BEATTIE, A. M.

MENTS OF A POEM ON THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

IOU, whate'er thy nature, cause, or name,
emanation of celestial flame!
1 Shakspeare's magic page whose glories roll,
ielt, alarm, o'erwhelm, the enraptured soul;

irtue does not consist in the repression of hope and desire,
surly abstinence from pleasure and insensibility to pain:
i, on the contrary, afford the only suitable gratification to
, and confidence to hope; and produces the only pure and
; enjoyment.—These happy ends will be attained, if our
and desires are fixed upon the improvement of the soul,
tended to the interests of eternity.

christian religion alone affords the means of this happi-
for it alone teaches how we may improve the best facul-
the soul; and it can alone compose and gratify our hopes
sires, by assuring us of future felicity, and by removing
ncertainty and fear which the thought of eternal duration
raise in every mind unsupported by the comforts of the
, and sensible of its own guilt and infirmity.

Illumine Pope's keen verse, and moral lay;
Beam in full radiance on the lyre of Gray;
And, with th' omnipotence of lightning driven,
Make Milton blaze in all the pomp of heaven!
If still, bright offspring of ethereal birth,
Thou lingering deign to cheer the gloom of earth;
Inspire thy feeble votary's design,
Exalt the thought, invigorate the line,
And bid in harmony the numbers flow,
To check gay pride and comfort anxious wo;
From folly's lure the wanderer to entice,
Who heedless roams the wildering maze of vice;
And guide his footstep to that silent cell,
Where love, tranquillity, and virtue dwell;
Whence contemplation, listening, hears afar
Ambition, interest, pleasure, passion jar;
And sees in doubt, in fear, in danger, hurled
The dim confusion of a distant world.

Vain crowd, whom fashion's meteor forms decoy
And plunge in sorrow while ye grope for joy;

Though no future life were to be expected, happiness, ev
upon earth, could not be obtained, except from the mind. I
that even a desire of present happiness should make us obey t
precepts of christianity; as directly tending to improve a
harmonize the soul, and to procure for us in this life all the
licity whereof our nature is capable.

These particulars I would attempt to explain, partly by arg
ment, and partly by examples; I do not wish to follow th
strict arrangement, which might be necessary in a philosophi
discourse; but rather to dispose the subject in such a mann
as may be most suitable to the natural course of human thoug
may relieve the mind by variety in the style, and may afford
best opportunities for poetical illustration.

o tear from present thought the troubled mind,
red by the past, and to the future blind,
l in one round of dull amusement stray,
l trifle all your empty lives away!
, if for once to think ye greatly dare,
it prospects feed your hope, and rouse your care:
at goads you on to hurry, at the call
:ourtly pride; gasp in the stifling ball;
couch of down to languish for repose,
ush into the field where tumult glows;
eye, with grinning scorn, expensive state,
ough the snug opening of an iron grate,
l peace, health, freedom, happiness resign,
watch a dirty bag of useless coin?
ing, peasant, statesman, soldier, rich and poor,
: old, the young, the courtier and the boor,
of whatever garb, whatever name,
)ower, or pleasure seek, or wealth, or fame.
nd rightly seek; for so, by heaven inclined,
se rule, and ought to rule, the human mind,
)es, that rouse virtue, or from sloth protect,
muse would not extinguish, but direct.
lan's final mansion is not here below;
glory springs from goodness, not from show.
h ye for power, wealth, pleasure, fame? 'Tis well
t in your breast the seeds of virtue dwell.
not on earth can fruit from these be given;
se seeds must ripen in the climes of heaven.
e, who bids nature flourish or decay,
iercy gives, in mercy takes away,

And by the structure shows of human frame
Man's native excellency, end, and aim.
Man cannot soar on eagle wing, or dare
The shaggy grasp of the relentless bear;
But man the eagle's towering flight restrains, [chains;
And binds the rough bear's stubborn strength in
And views and measures with adventurous eye
New orbs that glitter in th' unbounded sky.
Though tempests bellowing the swoln surge deform,
Man rides the swoln surge, and defies the storm;
Sees freedom, science, commerce, arts increase,
And bids a jarring world unite in peace.
Is then the being, who such rule attains,
Naught, but a bunch of fibres, bones, and veins?
Is all that acts, contrives, obeys, commands,
Naught but the fingers of two feeble hands;
Hands that, a few uncertain summers o'er,
Moulder in kindred dust and move no more?
No. Powers sublimer far that frame inspire,
And warm with energy of nobler fire,
And teach mankind to pant for loftier joys,
Where death invades not, nor disease annoys;
But transports pure, immortal, unconfined,
Fill all the vast capacity of mind.

Would you then wallow in the sensual sty,
With those who live to eat, and drink, and die;
Through life's short hour with blind incaution run;
Snatch present good, and present evil shun?
Would you be such as these? Then haste, away,
And revel all the night and all the day;

ire time o'erlook, forget the past;
hat such amusement cannot last;
hat, thus engrossed by splendid sin,
t the image of your God within;
ed, scorned, in sickness, and in fear,
vithout a friend, without a tear.
, were reason, power, invention, given
, the heir of glory, and of heaven!—
e and joy in conscious virtue dwell,
and knowing he has acted, well;
, to drink, to slumber, and to feed,
1 brutes equal him, and far exceed.
assert your rights, celestial race!
awaits you, do not court disgrace;
le, what will raise you, not deprave,
vereign God, and not the beast your slave.
you be happy?— Strengthen, and control,
gulate, that spring of bliss, the soul.
the dread splendour of high heaven, and all*
ied wonders that adorn this ball,
n each atom, virtues that transcend
er man's wit can speak or comprehend.
rely He, who nature's monarch reigns,
rms, who fills, enlivens, and sustains,
boundless works, thus darkly understood
ve display, is wise as well as good.

ines are marked with inverted commas, as expressing
hts, with respect to a future retribution, which might
arise in a rational mind unassisted by revelation; and
ted with "So spake, with anxious dread, the wise of

J. H. B.

Yet Vice in pleasure riots oft and fame,
While meek neglected Virtue sinks in shame.
Is not, to punish that, and this to save,
A doom, a recompense beyond the grave?
Yes: in that retribution we would trust,
Convinced, though man is weak, that God is just.
Shall we then wish it? When this scene is o'er,
When vice allures, and passions fire no more,
Shall we, so long in heedless error gay,
So rich in blessings we can ne'er repay,
Alike deprived of flight and of defence,
Rise, and to judge us dare Omnipotence?
In God we live and move; to him is known
Our guilt; conceal we cannot, nor atone.
Our being sins endanger, joys endear,
We fear to keep it, and to loose it fear."
Deep in the clouds of general doubt enrolled,
So spake, with anxious dread, the wise of old;
Who, in rude reason's narrow sphere confined,
Just oped their eyes, and knew that they were blind.
Meanwhile, amid the twilight of the times,
Unconscious error stalked, and licensed crimes.
From earth's deep bosom dug the dirty ore
They melt, they mould, they hammer, they adore.
Curls in high flame a consecrated pyre,
And human victims glut the accursed fire.
The groping seer, by holy madness driven,
From quivering entrails rakes the will of heaven.
The owl's long loud moan, screaming from afar,
Gladdens with peace, or animates to war;

›iefs uncage in superstitious awe,
ing chick, whose appetite is law.
rror shades man's torpid race: they see
, nor virtue, nor futurity;
en, by forms in turbid fancy bred,
›rance is wakened into dread;
›es of present crime, and future doom,
›mentary through the involving gloom.
, what genial tides of heavenly beam,
lowly, midst the rolling darkness stream!
'e the radiant cross, displayed on high,
the languor of yon eastern sky;
air, earth, ocean, spreads the expanding ray,
›s the nations in a blaze of day.
voice—"Hear, my favoured people, hear,
for heaven's eternal reign is near.
whom long laborious care employs,
›ubts alarm, whom servitude annoys,
ar my burden, to my yoke agree,
ye heavy laden, come to me,
is easy and my burden light;
'ers my servant, endless joys requite.
I bring, and mercy unconfined,
e on earth, and good will to mankind."
o more in thunder I proclaim,
in thick darkness, and tempestuous flame:
ings no longer I require,
ing altars crowned with costly fire:
l what I ask my words impart,
ce, faith, and purity of heart.
›, my people, listen and believe:
vill find me; ask, ye shall receive:

Come, for the joys of heaven on earth I send,
Come to your Lord, your saviour, and your friend."
Son of Omnipotence! Creation's heir!
Lord, what is man, that he employs thy care!
Dost thou for him this little planet tread,
For him in human weakness veil thy head,
And deign for him to quit the empyreal sky,
For him to weep, to suffer, and to die!
Trembling in gratitude, before the throne
Prostrate, we claim thy merit as our own.
With humble hearts, but warm in holy trust,
Low bending let us kiss our kindred dust;
Smile in calm hope, with fearful joy adore,
Renounce all former guilt, and sin no more:
At least be grateful where we cannot pay,
Nor make his gifts the means to disobey.
Him, life and breath who gives us, shall the while,
That life dishonour, and that breath revile!
Ah! can faint words in feeble song expressed,
Disclose the burning raptures of the breast,
When soothed repentance melts into delight,
And all heaven opens on the vanquished sight:
And the soul free from fear, from sorrow free,
Sinks overpowered in speechless ecstacy!
We sons of dust, admitted to descry
The eternal counsels of the unfolding sky,
To cast around the expansive view sublime
Wide over, and beyond, the bounds of time;
We mark heaven's reign begun, explore its laws,
Trace their dependence, and perceive their cause,
See them from mercy rise, to blessing tend,
And by Omniscience swayed, in full perfection end.

ome now, proud sage, thine ancient art compare;
here is the wisdom now, the virtue where,
ie knowledge where, by boasted reason given,
earth, and of the economy of heaven?
ke stars, o'ertaken by the morning ray,
ey hide their lessened heads, and melt away.
t how to thee could heaven's high will be known,
ho saw'st this coil of life, and this alone?
is life, where oft, to rouse or to employ
an's virtue, discords rage and cares annoy,
d where misfortune wounds, and passions move.
t to reward or punish, but to prove.
Think not, of yore, that virtue's secret way
caped the unlettered only, and the gay;
· that the grave, the studious, and the learned
instinct knew it, or by art discerned.
: these of nature their opinions drew
om what they fancied, not from what they knew:
d hardly, arguing still for arguing's sake,
uld end in truth, beginning in mistake.
ey who, with sober sense, and honest heart,
ewed truth unmangled with the tools of art,
an he far better knew, who could but see
rough the wild mist of whirling theory:
medium, which, as differently applied,
ill darken, lessen, magnify, or hide,
d, still obsequious to the sage's creed,
de that most, from which most it disagreed.*

Here follows in the MS. when it was first shown to the Edi-
, a comparison of the doctrines of ancient philosophy with
se of the Gospel; with some keen strictures on modern infi-

* * * * * *

What chance can blast our hope, what force con-
While fixed on heaven, and centered in the soul! [trol,
Lo, where plague rages round, and tempests roar,
The world's meek patriot speeds from shore to shore.
Crash the hoar dungeon's echoing bars; appear
The long dark realms of sickness and of fear;
Down furrowed cheeks, lank, wobegone, and wan,
Roll tears of blessing on the friend of man;
Hangs on the cold pale lip the lingering breath,
Blushes new vigour on the cheek of death;
Joy murmurs through th' applauding crowd, and free
Light smiles again, and peace, and liberty.

Mortals, in heedless folly vain, bestow
The praise of virtue on the pride of show.
But there is ONE, whose steady eye regards
The good, whose certain meed the good rewards.
HE, when in thunder speaks the trump of doom,
Will not forget his Howard in the tomb.*

delity and scepticism. But, in this part of the poem, so much is marked for alteration without being altered, that he cannot prevail on himself to print it in the state in which it was left; especially as there is reason to think, that several pages of this part of the work are lost, to the amount probably of about three hundred lines: the exact amount cannot be known, as the pages of the manuscript were not numbered. The conclusion of the first book is subjoined, as it seems to be more correct, and strongly delineates a predominant feature in the author's character.

* This was written several years before Mr. Howard's death.

"Come, good and faithful servant, whose relief
Gave comfort to despair, and joy to grief.
Didst thou sooth trouble, and alleviate need,
Didst thou the naked clothe, the hungry feed,
Visit the sick, and set the prisoner free?
Know, what thou didst to mine thou didst to me.
Come then, thou blessed of my Father, come,
And share his joy in thine eternal home."

Go now, gay fool, whom earth from heaven decoys,
On trivial gains intent, and trivial joys;
Who reason, honour, virtue, throwest aside,
For unsubstantial pomp, and cringing pride;
Who fliest to fear from hope, from ease to care,
To wo from joy, from triumph to despair.—
Go: slink a sot, a ruffian, and a coward,
Go: ape duke Villiers, and despise John Howard.

But nobler transports may his mind attain,
Whose youthful ardour breathes this humble strain;
This humble strain which, undisguised by art,
Utters no thought that flows not from the heart.
O could his weak, though well-meant, effort throw
One ray of cheerfulness on human wo;
Confute one base, one generous maxim prove,
Repress one folly, or one vice remove,
Proud of promoting peace, and easing pain,
Then would he think he had not lived in vain.

Wealth, interest, fashion, power, let others crave;
The sword of conquest wield, or ride the wave;
In other hands be empire's standard borne,
The gem, the laurel, other brows adorn.

Enough for me, in unambitious lays
That I attempt to sing my Maker's praise;
And summon those, whom earth's vain tumults please,
From turbulence and care, to rest and ease:
Nor bid them quench their wishes but control,
And raise from earth to heaven, from flesh to soul.
For all who thus improve, and thus aspire,
Best cherish hope, and satisfy desire·
Since HE, who must perceive, and will requite,
Whose frown is misery, whose smile delight,
Has joined with virtue good, and vice with ill,
And framed to human duty human will.

MESSIAS.*

INCIPE, nympharum Solymæ chorus, incipe carmen.
Carmen grande sonans cœlestia dicta requirunt.
Muscosi fontes, silvarumque umbra puellis
Aoniis celebrata, et vani insomnia Pindi,
Nulla placent. Mea TE canat auspice musa, sacrata
Qui labia Isaiæ tetigisti numine flammæ.

* Of this translation several lines in the MS. were marked for alteration, without being altered. The whole is however so animated, so harmonious, and so true to the original, that the Editor thinks it his duty not to suppress it. It was written long before the author knew that Dr. Johnson had translated the same poem into Latin verse. The originals of this and some of the following pieces it was not thought necessary to subjoin to the translations: Pope's poems being well known to every reader.

Cœperat Ille, futura ruens in tempora, Vates :
Virgo concipiet ! Virgo Natum paritura !
Radice, en, surgit Jessæa ramus, et altum
Æthera divini floris perfudit odore.
Olli cœlestis folia ambit Spiritus, Olli
Vertice consedit vis ipsa arcana Columbæ.
Desuper irriguum, Cœli, diffundite nectar,
Spargentes pluviam per grata silentia amœnam.
Debilem et ægrotum recreans ea planta juvabit,
Soli obtentæ umbræ, munimentumque procellis.
Crimina discedent terris ; Fallacia prisca
Discedet ; trutinamque redux Astræa levabit ;
Tendet olivam orbi viridem Pax, almaque cœlo
Integritas niveam labetur splendida vestem.
Diffugiant celeres anni, expectataque surgat
Aurora ! O divine Infans ! O nascere tandem !
Floribus, en, primis properat Natura coronam ;
En, et spirantis fundit thura omnia veris !
Cerne, cacumina quâ Lebanon ferat ampla ! choreis
Cerne, ut persultent silvæ procul ardua montis !
En humili a Sarone oriuntur nubila odorum !
Æthera florenti suffivit vertice Carmel !
—Vox lætans, audin' ! deserta per, exclamantis !
Fiat iter ; Numen, Numen venit ! aspice, Numen !
Numen, Numen, longa sonant juga ; saxa Deique
Adventum testata alacri clangore resultant.
Delapsum cœli convexo en excipit orbis !
Surgite convalles humiles, procumbite montes !
Hunc colite, O cedri, demisso vertice ; rupes
Planæ estote : agili cursu discedite fluctus !

Messias venit! Illum antiquo carmine vatum
Prædictum, audite O surdi, cæcique videte!
Ille aciem visus nebulâ purgabit opacâ,
Caliganti oculo fundens jubar: Ille sonorum
Obstructos aditus pandet, subitoque jubebit
Insuetam harmoniam patefactæ illabier auri.
Muti cantabunt: dimittens fulcra, bacillumque,
Exsiliet, caprea ut saliens, pede claudus ovanti:
Nullum lamentum, murmur nullum audiet orbis:
Ille omnem lacrymam vultu deterget ab omni.
Mortem constringent adamantina vincla; ruinæ
Vulneraque æternæ rex sentiet infernorum.
Lanigera ut caute placidus regit agmina Pastor,
Aëra ut explorat purum, camposque virentes;
Amissas ut quærit oves, moderatur euntûm
Ut gressus, curatque diu, noctuque tuetur;
Ut teneros agnos lenta inter brachia tollit,
Mulcenti pascit palma, gremioque focillat;
Sic genus omne hominum sic complectetur amanti
Pectore, promissus seclo Pater ille futuro.
Nulla inde insurget genti gens, ulla nec inde
Flammata hostili concurrent agmina vultu;
Non acies rutilo ferri splendore micabunt,
Clangorve æratarum accendet bella tubarum;*
Flexa sed in falcem segetes metet hasta recusa,
Vomerem et in nitidum curvatus desinet ensis.

* Let not the similar sounds in the third and sixth feet of this verse be imputed to the want either of care or of skill. The translator had in his mind Virgil's *Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.*

ıssurgent tum celsa palatia; filius inde
:xplebit lætus genitoris cœpta caduci:
ode suum vitis patulæ teget umbra magistrum,
everit et quæ dextra arvos metet ipsa vicissim.
.ttonitus, deserta inter late arida, pastor
ilia cernit humi, subitumque virescere gramen;
bstupuitque, vagus loca per sitientia, jamjam
'orrentûm accipiens longe nova murmura aquarum
er fissos scopulos, dudum horrida lustra draconis,
am nutat juncus, viridisque tremiscit arundo,
entibus obductam vallem sabuloque, repente
xornat procera abies, buxusque decora:
imina nuda ferax excepit palma, recessit
oxiaque herba, suumque virens dat myrtus odorem.
epascet pratum lupus et simul agna; puelli
lorea deducent gestantem vincula tigrim:
osque leoque petent eadem præsepia: lambet
landa viatori plantas innoxia serpens.
rridens tollet manibus captantibus infans
ristatas angues, maculataque terga colubri;
ludetque, notans quali auro fulgeat, et quo
erbere molliculo linguæ micet ore trisulcæ.
Surge Salem! Regina Salem, surge! Effer in altum
ırritum caput, et radiantem luce coronam!
ılas, cerne, tuas ornet quam longa propago:
ıti, en, progeniti nondum, natæque futuræ,
;minibus densis consurgunt undique, vitam
scentes studio vehementi, immensaque cœli!
ı, tua barbaricæ circumstant limina gentes,
ıce tua incedunt, procumbunt per tua templa!

Ecce tuæ pronis stipantur regibus aræ,
Amplaque dona ferunt veris cumulata Sabæi!
Et tibi aromaticæ florent nemora omnia Idumes,
Semina et Ophyricis flagrant in montibus auri.
En, scintillantes valvæ patuere polorum,
Fluminaque irrumpunt tibi puræ æterna diei!—
Mane coruscabit non posthac exoriens sol,
Vespere nec cornu reparabit candida luna;
Sed radio liquefacta tuo superante peribunt.
Atria sancta jubar plenum, sine nube refulgens
Gloria, inundabit; NUMEN splendebit et IPSUM
LUCIS; tuque die æterno potiere Jehovæ.
Æquora deficient, vanescent æthera fumo,
Labentur rupes, lapsa et juga celsa liquescent:
Olli stat verbum, stat servatura potestas;
Stant tua regna, tuus CHRISTUS dominatur in ævum

HUNTING.

BRIGHT rays of purple fire the sky,
And gild the shivering stream,
Beyond the western mist on high
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hounds and horn
Floats in the fragrant gale;
Along the rustling thicket borne,
And down the shadowy vale.

They pass; nor fancy's modest ear
The shouting train pursues;
No screams of bloody triumph cheer
The solitary muse.

Ye, whose victorious arts beguile
The sufferer of its breath,
Who watch with fierce unthinking smile,
The languid throbs of death;

Haste, let your harmless captives bleed;
Ye too must fall as they;
Death, on a swift though noiseless steed,
Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's wo
In lingering terror driven:
Kill, do not torture; mercy show,
And mercy hope from heaven.

IN

OBITUM

RICARDI WEST.

JAM mihi nequicquam ridens Aurora refulget,
Et rutilans auratam extollit lampada Phœbus;
Nequicquam volucres dant mutua carmina amori,
Atque resumit ager viridantem lætus amictum.
Heu, diversa petunt aures hæ languescentes,
Heu, diversa oculi sibi conspicienda requirunt;
Lacryma sola mei mea tantum pectora solvit,
Et sub corde meo perit imperfecta voluptas.
At ridens Aurora affert nova gaudia menti
Impigræ, quantum supra mea fata beatæ!
Vectigal cunctis solitum dant jugera; amantem
Mollitura, ales profundit parvula questum:
Illi ego nequicquam doleo, qui audire dolentis
Verba nequit; miser atque magis fleo quod fleo frustra

DELIA.

GRAMINEUM ad tumulum, quo Delia pulchra quiescit,
Agrestes juvenes, virgineique chori,
Prima ferent prati florentis munera, et omnem
Abrepto spargent veris honore locum.

SONNET (BY MR. GRAY)

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

ain to me the smiling mornings shine,
reddening Phebus lifts his golden fire;
birds in vain their amorous descant join;
cheerful fields resume their green attire.
ese ears, alas! for other notes repine,
different object do these eyes require;
y lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
nd in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
et morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
and new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

Hic querula audebunt haud unquam spectra videri,
Quæ planctu vexent hocce nemus placidum;
At pastorum aderit congressa juventus, amorem
At non celabit candida virgo suum.

Nunquam hic cernetur rugosa venefica, nunquam
Nocturni Lemures agmina sæva ferent;
Sed bellæ vallem Dryades viridem celebrabunt,
Et rore ornabunt mane tuum tumulum.

Sæpe rubecula, vespertino lumine, amice
Exiguum huc volitans afferet auxilium;
Et cano musco, et collecto munere florum,
Ornabit gremium te retinentis humi.

Quando ululantes venti, atque ingeminans furit imber,
Silvestrem et quassat sæva procella casam;
Aut cursu in medio, campi quacunque patescant,
Te repetet memori pectore mœstus amor.

Te reddet cuicunque loco sit mœsta venustas,
Debita te nunquam destituet lacryma;
Donec et ingratum fiat mihi vivere, amandam,
Et deplorandam, dum Dolor intereat.

; ghosts shall dare appear,
vith shrieks this quiet grove;
:rd lads assemble here,
ting virgins own their love.

:d witch shall here be seen,
ns lead their nightly crew;
fays shall haunt the green,
k thy grave with early dew.

:ast oft, at evening hours,
ıdly lend his little aid,
r moss and gathered flowers
the ground where thou art laid.

ling winds and beating rain
:st shake the sylvan cell,
ıe chase, on every plain,
ıer thought on thee shall dwell.

:r scene shall thee restore,
: the tear be duly shed,
l life can charm no more,
urned till pity's self be dead.

POEMATIS, CUI TITULUS

THE MINSTREL,*

FRAGMENTUM.

ALTE in præclusis adytis, Gothecaque caverna;
Horrent cui semper nox æternæque ruinæ,
Marmoreum cippum multo Ostentatio versu,
Sculpturâque ornet multâ, multisque tropæis:
Sit mihi, quem tenui zephyrus circumvolat aurâ,
Collis, contiguus campo; de cespite molli
Sit tumulus; violæ et passim spargantur amœnæ;
Justa aliquem et rivum, vel garrula murmura fontis;
Vespereque irradiet blande sol gramina busti.
Illuc atque omnis juvenis gradiatur agrestis;
Illuc agrestis mentem lætissima virgo,
Florum vix passos sertis nexura capillos,
Atque hilaris Maiæ festum celebrare parata.
Atque ibi per totam pastoris fistula lucem
Impleat omne nemus mœsta dulcedine amoris:
Vesper et ut tacite glauco velatus amictu
Progreditur, minime festinet pulchra caterva;
Lurida non spectri facies, lemurumve vagantûm,
Nostri infestabit placidissima rura sepulchri.

* When the author began to attempt Latin verse, he translated many stanzas of this poem. These two are given as a specimen.

FROM

THE MINSTREL,

Book II. Stanz. 17, 18.

nity adorn the marble tomb,
ophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
night and desolation ever frown:
e the breezy hill that skirts the down,
a green grassy turf is all I crave,
ere and there a violet bestrown;
a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
ıny an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

thither let the village swain repair;
ght of heart, the village maiden gay,
k with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
lebrate the merry morn of May.
et the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
the grove with love's bewitching wo;
ıen mild evening comes in mantle gray,
t the blooming band make haste to go;
ıst or spell my long and last abode shall know.

CANTILENA.

Auroræ risus, blanda et fragrantia veris,
Gratos invitant aligerum numeros;
Vocibus et dum cuncta sonant virgulta canentûm,
Omnia mollivit carmina dulcis amor.
Nosmet, Amanda, itidem, tempestive sapientes,
Utamur raptim quæ brevis hora fugit;
Totaque deliciis sit lux concessa diei,
Per betulas virides, Endremiumque nemus.

Nam venit acris hiems anni, tristisque senectus
Adveniet, vitæ quæ properantis hiems;
Hæc te purpureo vultus spoliabit honore,
Illa umbram vernis frondibus ut spoliat.
Gaudia tum cedent animo; non amplius ulla
Carminibus mulcens exhilarabit avis;
Hæque ubi marcescunt, nos languemusque—valete,
Vos, betulæ virides, Endremiumque nemus.

Sept. 1785.

SCOTCH SONG.

E smiling morn, and breathing spring,
'ite the tuneful birds to sing,
id, while they warble from each spray,
ove melts the universal lay:
et us, Amanda, timely wise,
ike them improve the hour that flies,
nd in soft raptures waste the day
Among the *birks** of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered warblers charm no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Farewel, ye *birks* of Endermay.

* Birch trees.

AD

PETRIPROMONTORIUM

INVITATIO.

Quicunque nostis turbida gaudia
Tuti quieti pectoris otio,
Silentio qui ruris urbem
Posthabuisse tumultuantem:

Queis sana sano in corpore mens placet;
Excelsa quorum corda vel evehit
Sublime, vel mulcet Venustum,
Huc celeres properate gressus.

Hic fundit urna divite nam Salus
Fontes, amœni et frigora balnei,
Arvosque lætâ vestit herbâ
Et gelidis agitavit auris.

—At nulla venti sibila personant
Arbusta nobis, neve per arborum
Umbrosa late regna, longum et
Dat querulum liquida unda murmur.

Fatemur: at non talia poscimus;
Patente campo læta Salubritas
Gaudet, nec humenti sub umbra
Pestiferam ciet alma noctem.

INVITATION TO

PETERHEAD.

YE, who for sweets that never cloy
  Can quit wild pleasure's toilsome strife;
For rural peace, and silent joy,
  Can quit the storms of city life;

Whom languor, or whom pain, alarms,
  Who seek a mind from trouble freed,
On nature's mild or awful charms
  Who gaze in rapture; hither speed.

Here health her bath's enlivening tide,
  And fountain's sparkling nectar pours;
Fields fluctuate in flowery pride,
  While cool gales fan the quiet shores.

What, though for us no tainted breeze
  Along the vocal thicket rove;*
No rivulet glance through whispering trees,
  And murmur down a depth of grove!

Th' expanded plain health joys to tread,
  To drink heaven's free, fresh blowing breath,
Not pent in woods and watery shade
  Exhaling pestilence and death.

* There are no woods in this neighbourhood, and very few trees.

Sed non fluenti florea ripa, non
Repens susurrus per cava littora,
Desunt, freti vel glauca, longe
Purpureis decorata velis.

Non luna curru argentea lucido
Per cana collis visa cacumina,
Non flamma matutina Phœbi
Per tremulum radiata pontum.

Sublime quæras; hic tumidum mare,
Hic æstuantûm verbera fluctuum
Cernes, resultantûmque in auras
Nubila cana abiisse rorum.

Hic risus, hic convivia læta sunt,
Sermo, sodales, otia, literæ,
Quæcunque tristi, vel jocoso,
Philosopho, aut placeant poetæ.

CANTILENA.

October, 1785.

Duriter heu! fati nimium mandata severa
Amplexu optatæ cogunt procul esse puellæ;
Per deserta vagor terræ incomitatus et exspes:
At quanto potius mallem succumbere morti!

Nor daisied bank of silver stream,
Nor sounding beach our fates deny,
Nor floating sails, that lightly gleam
Where ocean melts in the blue sky;

Nor moon, in solemn splendour borne
Slow o'er the hoar hill's shadowy steep;
Nor the gay beam that fires the morn,
Shooting along the tremulous deep.

Or seek ye greatness? See the tide
Whirled in tempestuous eddies rave;
See from the brown rock's foamy side
Burst high in air the thundering wave.

Here friendship warms, here smiles engage,
Here converse, quiet, learning, leisure,
Feed mirth, sooth care, afford the sage
Instruction, and the poet pleasure.

SONG. BY——.

SET BY MR. JACKSON.

Far from the arms of her I love,
By fate too cruel doomed to sigh,
To desert climes forlorn I rove:
How lighter far the task, to die!

Hei mihi! deliciis animi cum distrahar, unquam
Collini absentis reputabit Delia nomen?
Hei mihi! tum lacrymas reputans deflebit; acerbo
Exulis angorem meditabitur illa dolore?

Fare age, non terrore animum torquebere, cum jam
Undarum accumulant montana cacumina venti,
Cum rutilo immicuit fulgur splendore vibratum,
Et fremit horridior tonitru reboante procella?
Deficiet certe tibi mens formidine, certe
Tum miseri tandem sortem plorabis amantis,
Cum memor in mentem revocaveris omnia nostra
Irrita vota, omnemque ubi non felicis amorem.

Tum tibi mens fallax juvenem depinget amatum
Attonitum, extremaque labantem in margine vitæ;
Horrisonis jam nunc luctantem fluctibus—et jam
Exanimum corpus, pelago mersumque profundo.
Attamen haud adeo sinas simulacra malorum
Molle tuum tanto pectus turbare pavore:
Nam capiti nostro cœlum arcet damna benignum,
Ne tibi tam placidus vultus mœrore madescat.

When from my soul's soft treasure torn
Will Delia think on Colin's name?
In fancy hear the exile mourn,
In fancy see his sorrow stream!

Say, will not fear a pang inspire,
When winds the mountain billows form,
When lightnings flash their forky fire,
And awful thunder swells the storm?
A dread will surely then prevail,
Thy soul a kind compassion move,
When memory tells the tender tale
Of all my woes, and hapless love.

Then will thy fancy paint the swain
Aghast, on life's extremest verge,
Now struggling in the roaring main—
Now dead, and sunk beneath the surge.
Yet let not visions thus alarm
Thy soft and feeling heart with fear;
For thee, heaven shields my head from harm,
To save such innocence a tear.

LINES

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE MILITARY AIR.

HARK, hark! the drums afar,
And the loud clarion's angry sound,
Announce the approaching war;
The steeds in thunder bound:
Unfurled the banners glare on high;
The roar of cannon rends the sky,
And rocks the ground.
And now, all around,
Fires flash, smoke whirls, and bullets fly,
"To kill or wound."

And what, though battle's doom
Suppress the youthful warrior's breath!
Could sloth avoid the tomb!
Can flight escape from death!
What though, where we may sink in sleep,
O'er the green turf no marble weep,
No scutcheon wave!
We ask not such reward:
Fair fame and smiling virtue guard
The hero's grave.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. JAMES VALENTINE.*

uds that in tempestuous grandeur driven
e in twilight gloom the noon day heaven;
rents, down these craggy cliffs that roar;
rmurs hoarse, that sweep the pebbly shore;
ids that whistle, and ye waves that roll;
.o ye suit the sadness of my soul.
e rude rocks, the lingering sounds return,
ods, wave high your hoary heads, and mourn,
owl, ye melancholy gales, along,
ig the wild notes of funereal song.
why for him attune funereal lays,
eaf to mortal plaint, and mortal praise;
where no perils threat, no anguish stings,
ace for ever spreads triumphant wings!
hosts of Seraphim hosannas raise,
orlds to worlds resound their Maker's praise;
sorrow, toil, and care, in rapture drowned
n's everlasting splendour blazes round.
rtuous man, who nobly yields his breath,
es not sorrow; but exults in death:

author's cousin-german and intimate friend; a person
modesty and worth; who, after serving five or six years
lshipman in the British navy, and signalizing his valour
battles, lost his life in a storm in 1785, in the twenty-
ar of his age. To account for one passage in the poem,
essary to add, that his body was thrown on the land, and
ried.

Crowned with fair fame the patriot hero's bier
Disclaims the tribute of a tender tear.
Let tender tears embalm the gentle maid,
In the gay morn of life whose beauties fade:
Oft at her tomb the village train be seen,
To deck with wreaths of freshest flower the green.
There let the nightingale along the grove,
At the lone midnight hour lament her love;
The snow-drop there a sickly blossom shed,
The lily languishingly hang the head;
And there the lay of wo her doom deplore, [more.
Who bloomed, and smiled, and charmed, and is no
But other music to thy grave be borne,
And trophies different far thy turf adorn.
There let the oak in majesty arise,
Its giant arms wide-waving in the skies;
Fated perhaps with Britain's flag to shine,
And future heroes bear to deeds like thine.
That mount, where thy remains in honour sleep,
Amid the murmur of th' encircling deep,
Thy friends, who still the patriot ardour share,
Shall visit, and shall love to linger there;
Heave, in ecstatic tears, affection's sigh,
And wish like thee to live, like thee to die:
Like thee, from discontent secure and strife,
To flourish through the vernal years of life;
Then ripe in glory sink into the grave,
Mourned by the good, and envied by the brave.
Full often, when at length are past away
The languid moments of the lonely day,

a welcome change of scene supplies,
her sparkling mantle o'er the skies,
see the elements engage,
the winds howl, and the waters rage.
litary bark contends in vain,
th' infuriate uproar of the main,
untain waves in long array are driven,
erce lightning fires the angry heaven.
ing far down down the billowy steep
and lo, she sinks for ever in the deep,
I wake in tears, aghast, forlorn,
n wo the melancholy morn.
Almighty, whose supreme control
id life makes worlds unnumbered roll;
ovidence, to man for ever kind,
efines, with comfort calms the mind;
astenings, proof of thy paternal love,
ie to soar to better worlds above:
light these shadows melt away,
ne dawning of eternal day;
high trump of heaven, with mellow breath,
lling thunder in the ear of death;
y that last morn serenely shine,
ne back my loved, lamented VALENTINE.

GULIELMO WILSON,*

CHIRURGO A. M.

In Indiam Occidentalem Navigaturo.

ODE.

Tu, quem sonantis murmur Atlantici
Sacra et medendi munia postulant,
Fervensque complexu revulsum
Accipiet Jamaïca nostro:
Extrema tecum præmia fer mei:
Non æra, claram non ego purpuram,
Sed vota porto, queis amicum
Musa suum jubeat valere.
Non purpuratum scilicet, aut jubar
Flagrantis auri, certa beatitas
Sectatur; at quam vera virtus
Vestiit excoluitque mentem.

* The person to whom this Ode is inscribed, and who been the author's intimate friend from childhood, went t maica; but finding the climate hurtful to him, returned to rope; attended his friend during the last four months of hi and saw him expire. This ode, in which the author so pl hints at, and almost foretels, his own early death, has no but appears from circumstances to have been written some before that event took place. It was never, for an obvious son. shown by the author to any person; but was found a his papers after his death.

Assurge! Nam lux omnipotens Dei
Effulsit; atro fusa sub æthere
Vox læta Christi enim silentes
Perpetua repulit tenebras.
Sequare divini imperium Ducis:
Sic non Voluptas blanda recondito
Uret veneno, comprimetve
Dextra Dei monitrix dolentem.
Sic te remittat mi Deus arbiter
Si mi fruenti luce, nec impium
Sermone cernam, neu coactis
Divitiis leviter superbum;
Virtutis atque pectore conscio!
Firme quietum, dum vitii tenes
Late imminentes per ruinas
Non trepidans iter ac triumphum.
Sin lucis ipso in limine fervidum
Frigente me vi mors premat invida;
Neu fama rideus, neu cadentis
Vesper adhuc maneat senectæ:
(Quippe et canentem fata requirere
Mens inquietis sæpe doloribus
Jactata, corporisque dudum
Debilis admonuere languor;)
Confisus Olli, qui Pater omnium,
Ito silentem tu tumulum prope;
Mutamque suspirans amici
Da lacrymam viridi sepulchro.

IN OBITUM

NOBILIS INFORTUNATÆ

ELEGIA.

POPE'S ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

PER vallem auratam lunâ quæ tristis imago
Innuit, invitans alti in penetralia luci?
Ipsa est! at pectus fœdat cur plaga cruentum,
Obscuro tremulus micuit cur lumine mucro!
O semper placida, O longe pulcherrima semper,
Noxa sit in cœlo, dicas, vehementer amasse;
Esse nimis tenero, vel firmo pectore; amantis
Mollis, vel partes Romani egisse severi:
Æthere non justo servantur munera menti
Excelsum sentire ausæ, aut periisse decore?
Illam quare aliter jussistis, Numina, ferri
Sublimem supra data desideria vulgo?
Primum orta est vobis famæ ambitiosa cupido,
Agminis angelici, præclaraque culpa deorum;
Inde petit terram, Superûmque exempla secutos
Heroas, sacra inde inflammat pectora regum.
Multæ equidem mentes, ægre semel omne per ævum
Transpiciunt caveæ membrorum vincula, pigræ
Lumina opaca, annos longæ candentia vitæ,
Vana, velut lucens defosso tæda sepulchro;
Quas segnis fastus regis delectat eoi,
Tectorumque suorum altum dormire recessu.

Tales ut fugeret, properantia fata repente
In cœlum, ante diem forsan, rapuere misertum.
Materiæ veluti pars purior exit in auras,
Cognatas fæcesque infra sejuncta relinquit;
Ille animus loca sic adiit sua; neve remansit
Virtus una, fero generi latura salutem.
At tu prædulcis mandati pessime custos,
Sordide fraternæ desertor progeniei!
Ecce, genæ teneræ pallent jam morte propinqua!
Halitus extremus roseo tremit ecce labello!
Frigent pectora,* quæ terris fudere calorem.
Fixi nulla oculi jaculantur spicula amoris.
At sic, si mundum regit Æqui æterna potestas,
Sic vestræ uxores, proles et vestra, peribunt.
Omne genus vindicta manet festina, scelestas
Obsessura fores crebra et mox pompa feretri:
Inde astans dicet, dextra monstrante, viator,
(Quando viæ longo nigrescent funere) Cerne,
Cerne, quibus Furiæ durarant robore ferri
Horrendas animas, et nescia pectora vinci.
Sic indefleti transit fortuna superbi,
Stultis prodigium, splendentis pompa diei!
Sic pereant omnes, quorum effera corda alieno
Non caluere bono, non fiunt mollia luctu.
Quæ tibi, quæ poterunt unquam, læsa umbra, piare
Excquias cultu cassas, et fata dolore!
Non tibi cognatæ lacrymæ, non luctus amici,
Pallenti placuere, decusve dedere feretro.

* The want of the *cesura* in the two first feet of this verse has an effect singularly happy. It will put the reader in mind of Virgil's *Et cum frigida mors*, &c. Æneid. IV. 385.

Ast externa manus morientes clausit ocello
Externæque manus artus posuere decoros,
Externæque manus humile ornavere sepulc
Externi fletus celebrant, honor externusque

Quid tibi nulla nigro quod turba incedat
Perque horam doleat, tum ploret forsitan a
Ludibria et circum vani mentita doloris
Ad festiva ferat loca, nocturnasque choreas
Quid cineri quamvis nulli allacrymentur An
Marmora nulla tui splendescant æmula vult
Exuvias sacrata tuas non terra capessat,
Musseturve tuo carmen ferale sepulchro ?
At bustum ornabit surgentùm gloria florum
At formosa levis velabit pectora cespes :
Illic et primis lacrymis Aurora dolebit,
Et rosa prima anni suaves profundet odore
Atque tuo tumulum nunc sacrum funere pe
Umbrabit patulis cœlestûm argenteus ordo.

Sic dormit placide, sine nomine, sic sine
Quæ formam, titulos, famam possedit, opes
Nil tua jam refert, quam clara et amata fui
Nil, tibi quis genitor fuerit, qualesve propi
Restas pauxillum neglecti pulveris ; olim
Neu poterit plus esse hominum quodcunque

Illi ut, quos quondam cecinit, cadet ipse
Non laudem excipiet surda auris ; lingua c
Fiet muta. Et fata ejus, qui flebile carme
Jam fundit lacrymans, cito erunt deflenda
Tum demum clausis oculis tua forma rece
Languentique animo extremus te distrahe
Tunc erit ille exsors vitæ levis atque labor
Æternum oblitus musæ, Dilecta, Tuique.

VULTEIUS EQUES.*

Londiniumque polumque minans ubi celsa columna
Audax Thrasonice frontem extulit, ac mentitur;
Vixit, tranquillæ mentis, famæque modestæ,
Simplex atque bonus, Vulteius nomine, Civis:
Religiosus, frugi, et cætera; non locuples, sed
Permultum poterat promisso; sobrius, at cui
Possit quisque dies solidum præbere catinum,
Farcimen festus superaddere; templa forumque
Visens assidue; constantis præmia lucri
Fert, donans raro, nisi pauperibus quadrantes.
Omnis sed pungit Satanam pietas: et Iõbi
Tentatorem animum punxit Vulteiia virtus;
At cautus, longeque usu sapientior, illi,
Tentabundus, non rapuit, sed congerit, aurum.
Jusserat aërius Princeps; fluctusque procellæ
Verrunt, Vulteiique patrem mersere profundo;
Ejus tum tundunt Corunbica littora, donec
Naufragio bino felix ditatur arena.

* Pope's Sir Balaam and Horace's Vulteius Mena are different characters. The translator put Vulteius for Balaam for no other reason (I believe) but because he thought the former might be more manageable in hexameter verse. The dactyls of the first line, followed by a spondaick, give to the first couplet of the translation a peculiar contrast and vivacity. The translator humorously supposes the monument of London to threaten, both heaven with invasion, and the city by seeming ready to fall on it. It was actually said to be in some danger of falling at the time when he first saw it.

Jamque creatus eques, ceu quivis viveret a
Vivit homo, modicumque bibit, nec pauca joc
Cum " Vivas, olim ut debebas vivere," Con
Edixit; fumantque duo en ! farcimina mensæ
Indo, dum vinctus somno nudusque jaceba
Subduxit gemmam probus institor, opposuit
Commissum nostro Vulteio pignus; At ille
Detinuit lapidem vafer, elusitque dolosum.
Nonnihil audebat mens hiscere conscia, sic
Obturata: " Dabam besses; ast—hem! asses*
Integros; templum bis adibo, prout semel ib
Quam que alio ingenuum vacat omni crimine
Opportuna notat Satanas ea tempora, et in
Fœnora volvuntur, congestumque enitet auru
Grandine donec adest usuræ duplicis ipsa
Vis Satanæ splendens manifestum, atque ima
Corda tenet; fascesque amplæ committit habe
Mercaturæ, animum firmans signansque poti
En Vulteius eques. jam vividus ingenii vir
Attribuit quæstus meritis mentique sagaci:
Scilicet ipse sibi, dederint quæ numina quon
Provida cura Dei fit ridens alea casûs.
Mutatos mutata sequuntur nomina mores.
Mane taberna rogat festum argentaria: tem
(Scilicit in tantis curis) vix visere; rite at
Natos et famulos, dominam quoque mittere s
Hic, Satanæ auspicio, gelido matrona Decen
Alsit, marmoreoque it conclamata sepulchro.

* The Roman *Bes* or *Bessis* was to the *As* in the pro *eight* to *twelve*.

Miratur Vulteium equitem generosa puella;
Hanc ille, et ducit; fit et aulicus illico: linquit
Insulsam plebem, atque suæ blanditus amanti
Aulaï lepidis gestit comes ire cuculis.
Mittitur in pacata levis stipendia natus,
Potat, amat, pugnat, socii transfigitur ense:
Filia summati sordescit fulgida conjux,
Fertque perenne decus tituli, morbumque perennem:
Ipse senatoris munus sedemque Britanni
Obtinet, et Stephanni venatur præmia sancti.
Ludentem dominam nudat mox alea: damnum
Præstat Vulteio corruptrix Gallia nummis.
Defertur capitis Vulteius; mugit orator;
Regia deseruit;—dat guttur nobile funi.
En uxorque, puerque, puellaque, sunt tua, Dæmon?
Sunt tua; sed fisco cedit dilectius aurum.
Partitur prædam Satanas cum rege; Deumque
Exsecrans animam ponit Vulteius equestrem.

ODE.*

Power of these awful regions, hail!
For sure some mighty genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen, along these cliffs and groves.

* Supposed to have been written on occasion of visiting the wild and magnificent scenery of the cliffs of Kinnoull, on the banks of the Tay near Perth. The author has in these lines not unsuccessfully imitated that noble ode of Mr. Gray, which begins thus: *O Tu, severi Religio loci*, &c.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shattered crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
Or mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright we view the present God.

More bright, than if in glittering state
O'ercanopied with gold he sat,
The pride of Phidian art confessed.—
Hail, power sublime! thy votary shield:
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young, but weary, wanderer, rest.

But if, from rest and silence torn,
And these loved scenes, I roam afar,
By fate's returning surge down borne,
To toss in care's tumultuous war;

Grant me, secure from toil and strife,
And all the vain alarms of life,
And all the rabble's feverish rage,
Remote in some obscure retreat,
At least to pass, in freedom sweet,
The solitude of age.

LX POEMATE CUI TITULUS

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

ɔus uti pastor, procul inter littora Ebudûm,
ɣubri æternùm reboantia murmure ponti,
›e hunc mens trepidans fallat male relligiosa,
e animæ æthereæ, mortali corpore amictæ,
nentur quondam nostros impellere sensus)
ım per vallem, vel nuda cacumina montis,
n currum tremulo demergit in oceano Sol,
essu tacito videt agmina magna moveri;
nia tùm tenues abeunt liquefacta sub auras.

* * * * * * * *

when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles
ced far amid the melancholy main;
hether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
hat aerial beings sometimes deign
stand embodied to our senses plain)
s on the naked hill, or valley low,
: whilst in ocean Phebus dips his wain,
ast assembly moving to and fro;
n all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

EPISTLE.

Hunton, near Maidstone, K

"TRAVELLING," said Horace, somewh
"May make our climate, not our man
And bold are they who dare with folly
For my experience justifies the maxin
Why else should I, while pleasure fills
Here, as at home, sit scribbling scurv
And, shameless, still on you the singe
Bidding you read what justice bids yo

But since, in decency and breeding
Impelled by fate or folly, we must wri
What reading, pray Sir, does your pa
Home news or foreign, merry news o
(For, till one know what subject is to
One can't with proper grace invoke A
And till he hear, and answer at the ca
You know, one never tries to write at

From Pindus' height shall then the l
Descending, deign to pore on public r
Her haunts, her pleasures, her ambiti
For weekly journals, and the Morning
Shall in sad strain her scull-crowned
The purse demanded, and the robber'
In lay mellifluent the verdict sign,
And with writ, clerk, judge, jury, pac
Or shall she follow discord's hoarse al
Where the gruff greasy Dutchman gr

Paint the brown cutlass swagging at his side,
His hairy cap with orange tatters tied;
How to his waist the flapping surtout reaches;
How wide, how multitudinous his breeches?
Or should she go where her dear country summons,
And speed impatient to the House of Commons;
Tell where the Speaker sits, his mace how big,
How wise his visage, and how vast his wig?
Or, with the vulgar, should she rather choose,
To prate of Saddler's-wells, White-conduit-house,
Lions, balloons, apes, tumblers, dancing dogs,
And waxen dolls that speak, and learned hogs;
Of rich old misers, and of wild young heirs?—
Of, or for, these, she little knows, or cares:
Nor tattle for your ladies she allots ye,
Of caps or tartan, B——l or Piozzi.

Deaf to town chat, she rather loves to trace
The smiles and awful charms of nature's face;
Wandering with careless footstep, to survey
The flower-bud opening to the beam of day;
To mark, what mellow wealth the orchard yields,
What harvests undulate on golden fields;
Down the dark rock what sparkling torrents pour,
What blue waves heave along the sounding shore;
How the great sun his rising splendour shrouds
Amid the purple light of circling clouds,
Or rides supreme the fiery waste of heaven,
Or slowly sinks down in the bed of even.

What charms like these can modish art convey,
Or a whole city's childish pomp display!
There let *rouge*, buckles, diamonds, flambeaux glare,
Shoes crush the feet, and burning irons the hair;

And there let fashion all her craft bestow,
To form her last, best, noblest work—a beau.
But can her bungling skill one scene impart,
To warm the fancy, or to sooth the heart!
Can she the mountain's stormy front assail,
Snatch the long verdure of the closing vale;
Bid in majestic gloom the grove arise,
Or liquid glory stream from pictured skies!
No, no; where fashion rules, and she alone,
Truth, virtue, elegance, are all unknown.

O then, while health and leisure are your own,
Flee from the smoke and uproar of the town.
Heavens! shall quadrille the precious hour employ.
When nature, all in smiles, invites to joy!
Still must those eyes the dull succession see
Of long fat dinners, and eternal tea!
Dare to forego *Souchong* and roasted geese,
Spadill, *Pam*, *Odd Trick*—for a life of peace.
The willing muse shall lead your steps along,
And glad your progress with triumphal song;
And hail—(as him who, years of exile past,
Beholds his long-wished home appear at last)
Hail you, from contest, noise, and folly free,
Safe in th' inspiring shade of sweet tranquillity.

THE

MODERN TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

FATHER HODGE* had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloyed thirst to awaken,
He was served with a rasher of ham,
Which procured him the surname of *Bacon*.
He has shown, that, though logical science
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musket, they tell us,
Ere he wished, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.
Of his system the cause and design
We no more can be posed to explain:—
The *materia subtilis* was wine
And the *vortices* whirled in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shows,
At a *hob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believed, and all laughter from pride.†

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy. He flourished in the 13th century.

† See *The Spectator*, Numb. 47.

The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer,* and quaff:
Then staring, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discovered, it seems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swam on his wandering sight.
Ever sapient, sober though seldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell souse on the ground.

As to Berkeley's philosophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a swarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monsters, in spirit.†
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend, but decline:
Why, they take but some wine to their water,
He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you please)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatched a monster called *Fable of Bees.*

* Hobbes was a great smoker, and wrote what some h been pleased to call a translation of Homer.

† He taught that the external universe has no existence, an ideal one, in the mind (or *spirit*) that perceives it; and thought tar-water a universal remedy.

Vice, said he aggrandizes a people;*
By this light let my conduct be viewed;
I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tipple:
And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

D—— H—— ate a swinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the huge hulk of a sinner
Said there was neither spirit nor matter.
Now there's no sober man in the nation,
Who such nonsense could write, speak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonstration,
That he philosophized in his drink.

As a smuggler even P—— could sin;
Who, in hopes the poor gauger of frightening,
While he filled the case-bottles with gin,
Swore he filled them with thunder and lightning.†
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the shelf)
Could he speak he would frankly confess it t'ye,
That, unable to manage himself,
He puts his whole trust in necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a sage,
The thirst he acquired when a devil.‡

* Private vices public benefits.

† Electrical batteries.

‡ Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr. Franklin's death.

That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high priest could explain,*
How the soul is but nerve at the most:
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted the Paradise Lost.
And sure, it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy suggestions of claret.

Our Holland philosophers say, Gin
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Doctor H——y imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to *think*.†
For, while drunkenness throbbed in his brain,
The sturdy materialist chose (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wisdom, and downright philosophy.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink.

* Dr. L. Bp. of C. is probably the person here alluded to. He was a zealous materialist.

† He resolved perception and thinking into *vibrations*, and (what he called) *vibratiuncles*, of the brain.

s, poets, philosophers, mob, err;
excuse, if my satire e'er nips ye:
praise, think me prudent and sober,
lame, be assured I am tipsy.

FASHION.

A Dialogue.

IDER, my good friend, the value"—
considered, Sir, I tell you,
each and practise what you will,
d them once, and scorn them still.
natters it to me or you,
is and that man ties his *queue*,
or silk he choose to put on,
r a white or yellow button!
ien submissive virtue truckle
ate each fellow's buckle;
ust a numbscull be adored,
e it styles itself a lord?
he benefit which one (hark ye)
s to find in a free monarchy;
nest, rough, bold Britons must,
ing, like spaniel dogs, in dust,
es of every titled cub lick?—
ney for Sparta and republic!
u poets think it only—a jest, eh!
and slash at peers and majesty!

When did I ever say, a Briton
Must creep, like pointer, hands and feet on?
I only said, what I suppose
You know, and every body knows,
That in their forms of *etiquette*,
The small must copy from the great;
Must learn their passions and their fancies,
How this lord laughs, and that duke dances:
For, as a frugal housewife gathers
Clippings of silk, and gaudy feathers,
Which will by length of time prepare
A covering for an easy chair:
Even thus, from the great world, our beaux
Pick shreds of swearing and *bon mots;*
Which, when they o'er their souls have wrough
Hide honesty's black leather bottom;
And a new covering we behold
Where every single patch is old."
And what, if I be not inclined
To clap a cover on my mind,
Nor shreds of tarnished wit revere,
Because they flaunted on a peer?
Although as relics fools adore them,
Rags are but rags, whoever wore them.
"No doubt, Sir, you, a man of letters,
Are bound to bellow at your betters!
No clothes are neat, no thoughts are wise,
Which *you* don't wear, which *you* despise!
Go, scream and cringe to your Apollo;
What others followed I must follow,

The grave man's care, the gay man's passion,
The lady's every thing—the fashion."
I never would affirm, my friend,
(To see how folks misapprehend!)
That a good action grows a worse one,
For being done by any person.
I never will avoid the rabble
When right, because they're fashionable:
I only am not borne along,
For fashion's sake, if they be wrong.
"Yes; sapient, philosophic wight,
You follow fashion where 'tis right!
And pray, has any mortal seen you yet
Make a neat bow, or walk a minuet?
As much, I tell you, as a spire
Is more esteemed for being higher,
Nobles have honour in a nation,
Proportioned to their exaltation."
And I allow to those great people
The same respect as to a steeple:
That one acknowledges they're high,
That one looks up as one goes by;
But not, however, that one's head
Must jangle bells, or carry lead.
"I wish you would leave off your joking,
Nothing on earth is more provoking.
With me such quibbles ne'er prevail."
What must I give you then?—a tale?
"Yes; I may listen to your story,
But as a joker, I abhor ye."

A tree once in a churchyard grew,
Some say, an oak, and some, a yew;
An elm, or walnut, some prefer,
One ancient *codex* reads a pear:
But that is neither here nor there.
Two stems must from its root have grown,
Though afterwards there was but one;
For t'other, hewn from parent stock,
Was made into a weathercock.

How did the village boys admire
When first he got a-top the spire!
But when he saw, so far beneath,
The woodland, meadow, cornfield, heath,
Road, river, cottage, hillock, plain,
He was you cannot think how vain:
So vain, indeed, that he designed
To turn about the first fair wind,
And shake in scorn his yellow tongue
At the old stock from which he sprung.
A flurry's long expected blast
Enabled him to move at last;
When, his head sparkling to the sun,
He wagged a while, and thus begun.

Fine company I was indeed in!
Hark ye, old log, is that your breeding?
Must a gold weathercock like me
Pay first respects to a poor tree?
In what high splendour am I borne here?
You grovel in a churchyard corner.
Me all the parish come to view:
Pray do they go to look at you?

You stand in dirt, must fall, and burn;
turn, old boy; mark that—I turn.
Your shape—enough to frighten Nick!—
Green, like a rusty candlestick!
My form how smooth! my skin how yellow!
Look, demme, what a clever fellow!
The solemn branches heave and sigh,
Then murmur slowly this reply.
If we be clumsy, you be limber,
What then? We both are of one timber.
Once a plain simple stick, when sold
You got a name, and you got gold,
Given by your masters, not your friends,
To fit you for their private ends.
What made them raise you to that throne?
Your interest, coxcomb? no; their own.
'You turn," you say; we have a notion,
That something regulates the motion.
You say "men study you;" vain prater,
They study but your regulator.
Yet, cocky, be of cheer: one finds
Such failings even in human minds.
Lord Lighthead's wavering foppery see:
A gilded weathercock is he;
That from the common timber hewed,
And set up merely to be viewed,
About while fashion's light gales veer him,
Thinks all who look up love or fear him;
Thinks they admire, who only gaze;
And that all honour him, who praise.

TOM JONES.

THE beau buys Fielding's works complete,
  Each page with rapture cons,
Sophias finds in every street,
  And is himself Tom Jones.

To some gay girl his vows are given;
  And soon he learns to tell,
That, when she smiles, he is in heaven,
  And, when she frowns, in hell.

Ague or influenza soon
  Comes on; he weds a wife:
The warm fit ends with one short moon,
  The cold fit lasts for life.

THE END.

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